NOVEMBER, No. 48

LET US ENTERTAIN YOU

SICK

30¢

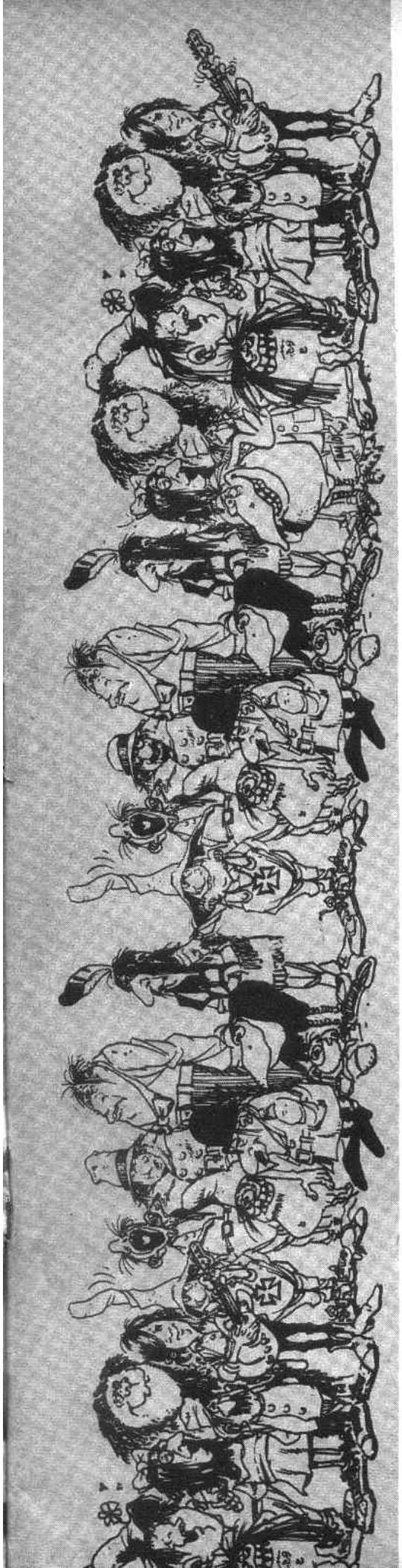
PDC

VISITORS WELCOME!

TRICK OR TREAT

BOB TAYLOR

Don't get angry, George. Your mother only wants to know, is **she** a "nice" girl?



SICK

The magazine with a KICK!

Vol. 6, No. 8...November, 1966...48th Edition

DUCK VAN DYKE SHOW

As a protest against killing off the nation's number one comedy show, SICK Magazine presents its version of one more segment — a version that may very well kill off SICK Magazine! 12

CAREER LIMERICKS

More SICK Limericks, this time pertaining to different types of jobs — which the writer of these limericks will no doubt be looking for soon!

These limericks are unusual in that they're written in blank verse — each verse rhymes but leaves you blank! 28

LOOK WHO'S TALKING

More captions to photos that are taking America by storm — everybody who sees them starts running for cover! 46

HELICOPTER TRAFFIC REPORTERS

SICK's version of what the congested airlanes of the future will look like — a sight that is both gloomy and horrifying. The SICK version that is, not the congestion! This report predicts that traffic will be worse in the sky than it is now on the ground — mainly because you won't be able to stop at a Rest Room! 4

PEACE CORPS MAGAZINE

Another gripping magazine parody — you'll want to hold it tight and shake your fist! This parody salutes the men and women who travel to remote corners of the earth — not to teach natives but to find better places to neck! 35

ABOUT THE COVER

This Halloween Cover was left at our doorstep by artist Bob Taylor after he came by and said, "Trick or Treat!" — and we said, "Trick!"

Joe Simon, *Editor*... Bob Powell, *Art Director*... Melissa Jane, *Messages*
Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent*... Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent*
Fred Wolfe, *Correspondent At Large*

Jack Scott, *West Coast*
Angelo Torres, *Pa.*
Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*
Bob Elliott, *Space*
Jack O'Brien, *Florida*
Fred England, *Texas*
Ivan Golownjew, *Moscow*
Calvin Castine, *Champlain*

SICK is published monthly, except January, April, July and October by Crestwood Publications, Inc., Editorial and executive offices 32 West 22nd Street, New York 10, New York. Single copy 30¢; subscription rate in the United States and possessions, $2.40 for 8 issues. Elsewhere, $3.00. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyright 1966 by Crestwood Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyrighted under the Universal Copyright Conventions and the International Copyright Convention, reserved under the Pan American Convention. Printed in U.S.A.

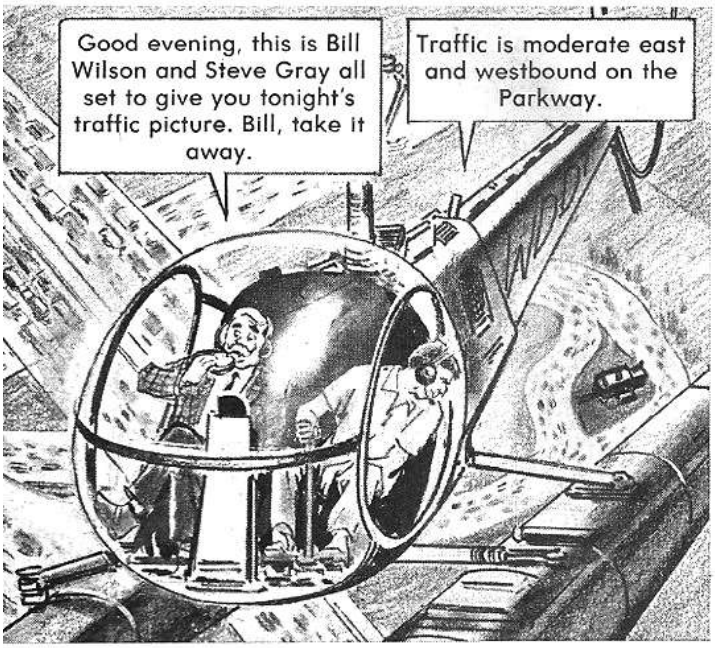
Art by Bob Powell
Script by Francis DiBacco

TRANSPORTATION

Every big city has helicopters in the sky reporting on traffic conditions. There is a mutual understanding among these traffic reporters. However, in one city these fellows haven't seen eye to eye lately. Tempers are very short and it appears that something is going to break loose. Let's go to this city and see what develops..

HELICOPTER TRAFFIC REPORTER

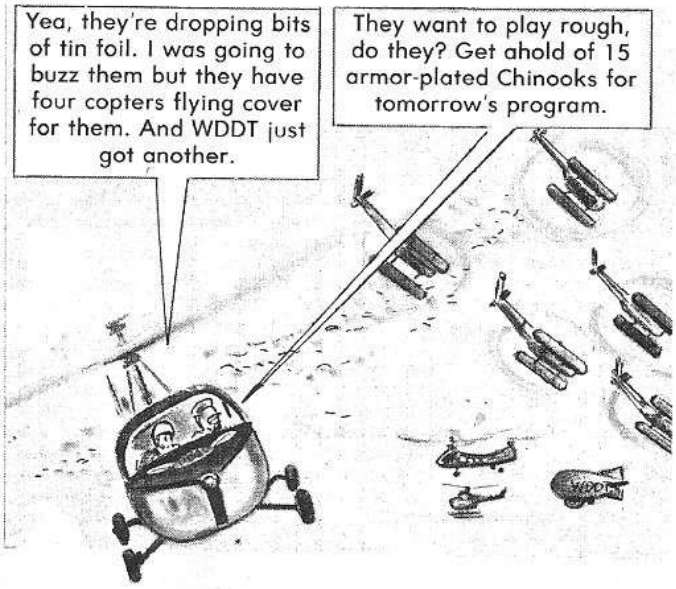
ABOARD WDDT


Good evening, this is Bill Wilson and Steve Gray all set to give you tonight's traffic picture. Bill, take it away.
Traffic is moderate east and westbound on the Parkway.

We have a little tie-up on the Freeway at Exit 1. A fellow is changing a flat tire. Hey, he's out kind of far, he could get-ooowwwww!
If the rescue squad is listening don't bother. Just send a hearse to Exit 4.

Look out! It's those creeps from WBUZ trying to mess up our show.
I've had it... tomorrow I'm bringing up another copter, ARMED, to give us cover. We'll show them who rules the airwaves!
WBUZ

NEXT DAY ABOARD WBUZ'S COPTER


Yea, they're dropping bits of tin foil. I was going to buzz them but they have four copters flying cover for them. And WDDT just got another.
They want to play rough, do they? Get ahold of 15 armor-plated Chinooks for tomorrow's program.

NEXT DAY ABOARD WWAR'S LEAD COPTER

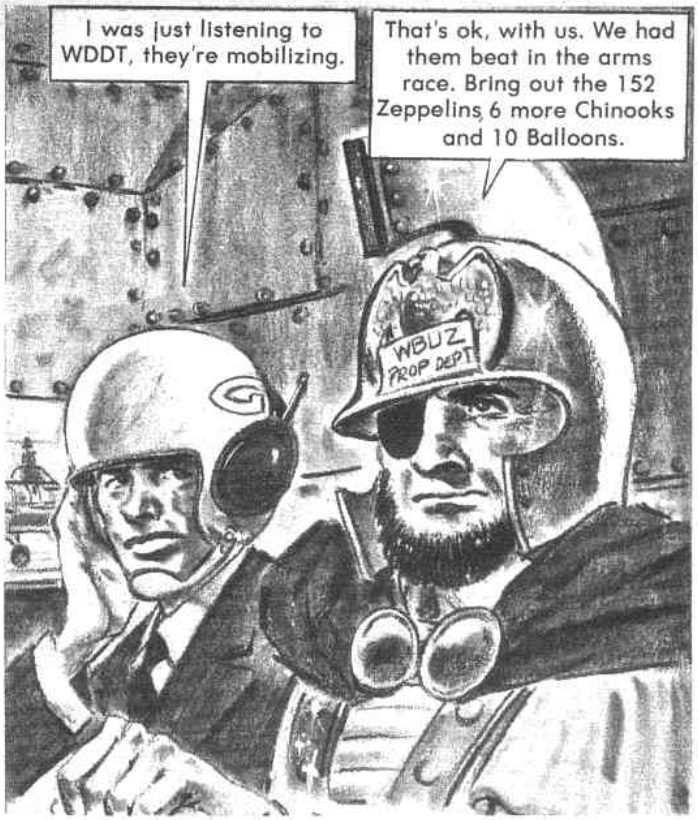
Commander to squadron, Commander to squadron. I'm going down to give the traffic report. Keep me covered. Watch out for WBUZ, he usually comes out of the sun.
WWAR

WDDI'S COPTER

You're an Ace, Bill. Let's go after some more. Let's get WBUZ's lead chopper.
Steve, look out, here comes a gang of them at 10 o'clock high.

That's WBUZ. They have a whole Armada. We better land.
I think we better call out our reserve. All 600 helicopters and 50 blimps to set up a picket around the city.
WDDT

ABOARD WBUZ


I was just listening to WDDT, they're mobilizing.
That's ok, with us. We had them beat in the arms race. Bring out the 152 Zeppelins, 6 more Chinooks and 10 Balloons.
WBUZ PROP DEPT

ABOARD WWAR'S NEW LEAD PLANE

Shoot down my best chopper will they. Tom, get in touch with McNamara, tell him to hold up the Viet Nam order and send me: 1,000 Bell Helicopters, 350 Sykorsky's, 100 Chinooks, 25 Blimps, and 80 Balloons. This is War!!!
WDDT
WWAR

ABOARD WBUZ — WDDT — WWAR

Attention Radio listeners! We are in dire need of aircraft personnel to handle our equipment.
Defend your network, don't let your radio station down. Report tomorrow at our radio station. You'll be able to avoid the rush hour by flying to work.

NEXT DAY

Well, here we are driving along *Lonely* Riverside Drive, checking the traffic conditions in the sky.
There's a big tie-up just outside the city near the Big Dipper. A Balloon is losing altitude fast causing congestion.....
WBWD
COMBINE

Dear Cookies,

One of the girls is madly in love with Huckleberry Fink and when she comes to my house she starts making out with my picture of him that's on my bedroom wall. When I tell her to stop she just turns around and says "listen, this guy is really tuff!" How can I keep her from being so insane.

Please put this article in Classified Ads.

I would like a boy pen-pal who is 13-15 and cool.

Jeanne Osborn
1515 S. 7th
Terre Haute, Indiana

Ed: Someone who looks like Huckleberry Fink.

Dear Sick Ed:

In your August issue (No. 46) you have a drawing of Croakswagon. In the left side of the picture I see a radiator. Man, everyone knows that Volks don't have rads. It looks like C. B. goofed.

Don't offer any explanation 'cuz I realize I'm right and C. B. is SICK.

Mac Nielsh
Kingston, Ind.

Ed: Artist Charles Berger will be amazed to know that Volkswagens don't have radiators. He's been pouring water in his for years.

Dear Sicks,

I don't think that I am overpraising your new artist, Bob Taylor, one bit when I say his style is the most originally way-out cartooning I have ever seen. I fell in love with August's cover at first sight, but I enjoyed even more the "Fashion Predictions" article.

I sorrowfully admit, I have never really indulged in your magazine, but this issue really caught my eye and for the first time I paid the 30¢ just to see what it was about. As far as I am concerned, this magazine will be among my monthly favorites with Seventeen and Glamour.

Please inform the public how things are working out with Mr. Taylor, he has really raised some interest to me and my circle of "Sick" friends.

Thank you for allowing me to tell you this; thank you for Mr. Taylor, but most of all thank you for Sick Magazine.

Ellen Montgomery

Ed: These crank writers never send their addresses.

Dear Ingrates:

Sometimes I wonder if you guys know what gratitude is. For the last two years I've been shelling out money for your rag and not one word of gratitude have I heard. Not one! If you knew the indignities I have had to put up with to squander 30¢ you would give me a lifetime subscription. On second thought send me the money instead, I'll use it for something usefullerr usful..ewesful, typing lessons 4 example.

Any Sick-type clods wanting to buy a second-hand igloo let me know. I want one too.

Gerry Lemire
P. O. Box 441
Hay River, N.W.T.
Canada

Ed: Who doesn't.

Dear Sick Ones;

I just finished reading SICK #46, and I would like to add my two cents worth to what has already been mentioned in a few of the letters printed. The BRAND X issue was marvelous, and it appears that your mags improve with every issue.

The "Poems Of The Great Society" was really good, and the thing that impressed me most was the "Fashion Predictions". At the rate the fashions are going now, the predictions that the lovely (UGH) Shirley Schlook made, might just come true.

I am anticipating an assignment in Viet-Nam shortly, and I would like to know if subscriptions can be sent Air Mail, due to the fact time is a major factor in sending mail to the far east.

Keep up the satire, etc, and you'll have a reader for life, which isn't guaranteeing much.

SP4 Herb L. Bacheller
10th ETC
USAOC&S Aberdeen
Proving Ground,
Maryland 21005

P.S. If I may make a suggestion, why not do a story on G. I. Towns!

Ed: This is supposed to be a funny magazine, Herb.

Editor:

Glad to see the "Sick, Sick World" column back in your stupid magazine. Jim Atkins must really be crazy. And what sort of stuff does he read all the time to come up with such stupid items?

Keep up the bad work and let's see more of SSW.

John Lee
519 10th St. S.E.
Washington, D.C.

Ed: We'll tell Jim Atkins as soon as they let him out.

Dear Sick:

I bought this issue because it had a surfer on it. I love surfing as any normal red blood would. Could you please tell me if Bob Taylor has ever been surfing? I think he's a great artist. Any of you Sick readers who like surfing write to me. We can be surf buddies.

Sick Readers can write to me at this address.

Surfer Girl
113 Union Ave.
Providence, Rhode Island

P.S. Send along any surfing pictures you might have.

P.P.S. Have more drawings on surfing, O.K?

Ed: Okay, Surfer Girl, if that's really your name.

Dear Sick:

I enjoyed your Sick Birthday edition and I can see why you're only number two. The staples that hold your crummy magazine are small, skinny, sharp and cheap.

I tried to get the glossy pin-up of Huckleberry Fink off the way you suggested and I found blood all over it. It was my blood! I cut myself on the cheap staples, so I'm now in bed by my pin-up, holding my poor wounded and infected thumb.

Jan Gray
1525 Cotan
Ottawa, Ontario
Canada

P.S. My writing's lousy 'cause I'm only 2nd class also!

Ed: Funny, we were going to say that.

Dear Finks:

I think you Americans are nutty. The reason I am sending this letter to your rat-fink place is because Kevin Kramer, a member of the Anti-Sick League, told me of some of the finks that sent letters answering his rat-fink letter to Sick. He decided to insult yanks because their rat-fink mags give too much compertishun to his magazine "The Rat" Ltd. Anyway I think you yanks are a lot of imbeciles and all mad as two bob-watches. I would wish to inform you Americans that sent letters to Kev Kramer that he just said "what a mob of glorified clowns!

The people who sent the letters to him were some nutty females in Wisconsin, some clowns in the United States Army, nuts from Brazil, U.S., Australia. I say part of America is desert and mountains and the other half, finks, nuts, clods, etc.

Incidently if any of you clowns wish to write to my partner, Kevin Kramer, write to 6 Ruby St., Mt. Isa, for he recently changed his address. Anyway I dare you mob of glorified yanks to insult me.

Yours Sickcerely,
"Skeet" Norris
P. O. Box 745
G.P.O. Mt. Isa
Queensland, Australia

Ed: Two-to-one you're a stamp collector —right, Skeet?

Dear Editor,

I recently reread your August, 1965, issue.

In your column, Sick, Sick World, Jim Atkins said that U.N.C.L.E. were the initials of the United Nations Commit-

Continued on next page

CLASSICFRIED ADS

This SICKtion is a free service for the convenience of our readers. However, since there are so many kooks and kooky items involved, we assume no responsibility for items, claims or persons advertised here. We're sick but not crazy.

I would like to be a sick pen pal. School: Senior at Carlsbad High. Likes: Peter & Gordon records, wild parties, cars and all sports, girls. Dislikes: Girls that get tongue tied. And, read "Sick" rival magazines. Description: Age 17, Sun F-style hair (medium brown), 6' - 5 1/2", weight 182.

Billy Robinson
609 North Olive
Carlsbad, New Mexico 88220

I would like a boy pen pal 14-16 years of age. Would prefer Surfer or Beatle hair cut and one who likes girls!!!

Likes: Dancing, music, boys, tennis, swimming, horseback riding, cats, modeling, Beatles, Sonny & Cher, and horror movies. Dislikes: Fuddy Duddies who don't like teen fads, music. Description: Blue eyes (two of them), Long blonde straight hair. Not too ugly. Dark tan. Fairly good figure?!?! 5 feet 3 inches tall.

Miss Jeannette Greb
802 Fremont Avenue
box 423
Akron, Colorado 80720

I would like to be a Sick Pen-Pal. Information of myself follows:
Age: 13. School: Butler High School. Likes: Elvis Presley, dancing, swimming, boys, dogs and horses, fast cars. Dislikes: People who think that they are smarter than you. Description: Hang Dish-water-blood hair, green eyes, 5'3".

Miss Martha Glaspie
3010 Likens Ave.
Louisville, Ky.

PEN PAL WANTED
School: Akron Jr. High, Likes: Dancing, Boys, Tennis, Swimming, Horseback riding, Dogs, Horses, Modeling, Momma's & Papa's, Sonny & Cher, Horror Movies, Music (jazz), Skiing. Dislikes: People who think they own you, and try to boss everyone around. Description: Dark Tan, 2 eyes (brown), dark hair 5'3" tall, fairly good figure!!! not too ugly; Age, 14

Miss Paula Anderson
713 East 3rd Street
Akron, Colorado 80720

Want a boy pen-pal 14-16 years of age, tall, good looking, prefer surfer or beach bum. One who likes girls.

I would like a girl pen-pal. School: Fairfield Union Jr. High. Likes: Herman's Hermits, fishing jokes, rock collecting, dogs, sport cars, and girls. Dislikes: Many things. Description: Short dark blond hair, blue eyes, 4'11", not very good looking.

Rey Peck
Route #1 Box #8
Pleasantville, Ohio 43148

SICKCERELY YOURS:

tee of Law Enforcements, and that it was fictitious.

It is my understanding that there really is an organization known as U.N.C.L.E. and it is a world-wide peace keeping organization. U.N.C.L.E. stands for United Network Command of Law Enforcement.

Charles Stapleton
Box 255
Ernest, Pa.

Ed: We hate to tell Napoleon Solo.

Dear Sick,

I bought May's edition (No. 44). I enjoyed it very much especially the article about "How to Undress For the Cinema". I think your magazine is very amusing to read before I got to bed.

James P. Wade
s409 Riverdale Rd.
Apt. J6

Ed: Now that you know how to undress.

Dear Editor:

I read your Sick magazine (NO. 46) and think you ought to have more articles about Fashion Predictions. I liked the one about "Noses will be out by 1990."

Almost everyone reads Sick except my grandmother (she lives with us). I enjoy reading Sick very much.

Pam Dawkins
509 So. Locust Str.
Flora, Illinois

Ed: Come on, Grandma, get with it, baby!

Dear Sicks:

Maybe you think I'm crazy to write this letter. Well, I'm just as sane as you are.

Marc Cooper
5416 W. 138 Pl.
Hawthorne, California

Ed: You're crazy.

Dear Sick:

I have just read a copy of your mag. for the first time. It wasn't too bad. As a steady diet, though, ugh!

Debbie Baker
135 Temby Str.
Springfield, Mass.

Ed: Have you tried it with peaches and cream?

Dear Sick,

Your magazine is utterly disgraceful, filthy and very, very, sick. And those are just a few of the reasons why I like it so much.

Chris Maloy
E. Lake Stable Rd.
Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Ed: You left out "stupid".

Dear Editor:

You probably didn't think they'd do it, but they did!

I apologize humbly and profusely for any insulting remarks made in my previous letter (published in the August issue). I'll do *anything* if you would just PLEASE tell people to stop sending their complaints about SICK magazine to me. Also they can stop sending their insults and threats toward me for speaking against your magazine.

Cordially,
Miss Kathryn Bradley
Box 51
Strong, Maine

Ed: Okay, gang, let her go.

Dear Sick,

I think your BIG ANNUAL SICK BIRTHDAY, SUMMER issue was absalutly the most.

I esspesilly like the story called, MY BARIE DOLL.

I hope you will keep writing more trash as was in that issue.

Michael Steven Jeffers
7351 Chamberlain St. Louis, Mo.

PRINTED IN INGLESH

Ed: Oh?

Dear Sick:

I'll send you the hospital bills, I split my sides laughing when I read "Sick"

Paulette Lehnhaura
1155 Kwis
Hacienda Heights
California

Ed: Send us one of your sides for evidence.

Dear Sick:

Please send me a copy of your now-famous "Brand X" issue, because I missed it when it was on the stands. Enclosed find money, mainly 25¢, the price of that magazine.

And what's the idea of raising your price? The No. 3 magazine hadda do it, too!

Angrily yours,
Steve Casaw
16 Homer Avenue
Morris Plains, N.J.

Ed: We didn't want you to think we were cheap.

Dear Sir:

For the first time I read your magazine and I've enjoyed it for many days.

Here in Brazil it is hard to get a copy of Sick, but from now on I'll fight for one.

I would like to get some He-Sickites as pen-pals.

I love United States and England.

Berenice Villela Ceruz
R. Marquee de S. Vicente 429 apt. 603
Gavea, Rio de Janeiro
Guanabara, Brazil

P.S. I'm 20 and a student of journalism. Are all the letters that you publish true?

Ed: The letters are true but the writers are false.

Dear Sick:

Please take note:

1. Make it all ridiculous, not half serious, half silly.

2. It's an International Magazine, so don't drag so much on American Politics and idiotic American Humour. (Also other countries don't want to know about your silly gridiron and baseball).

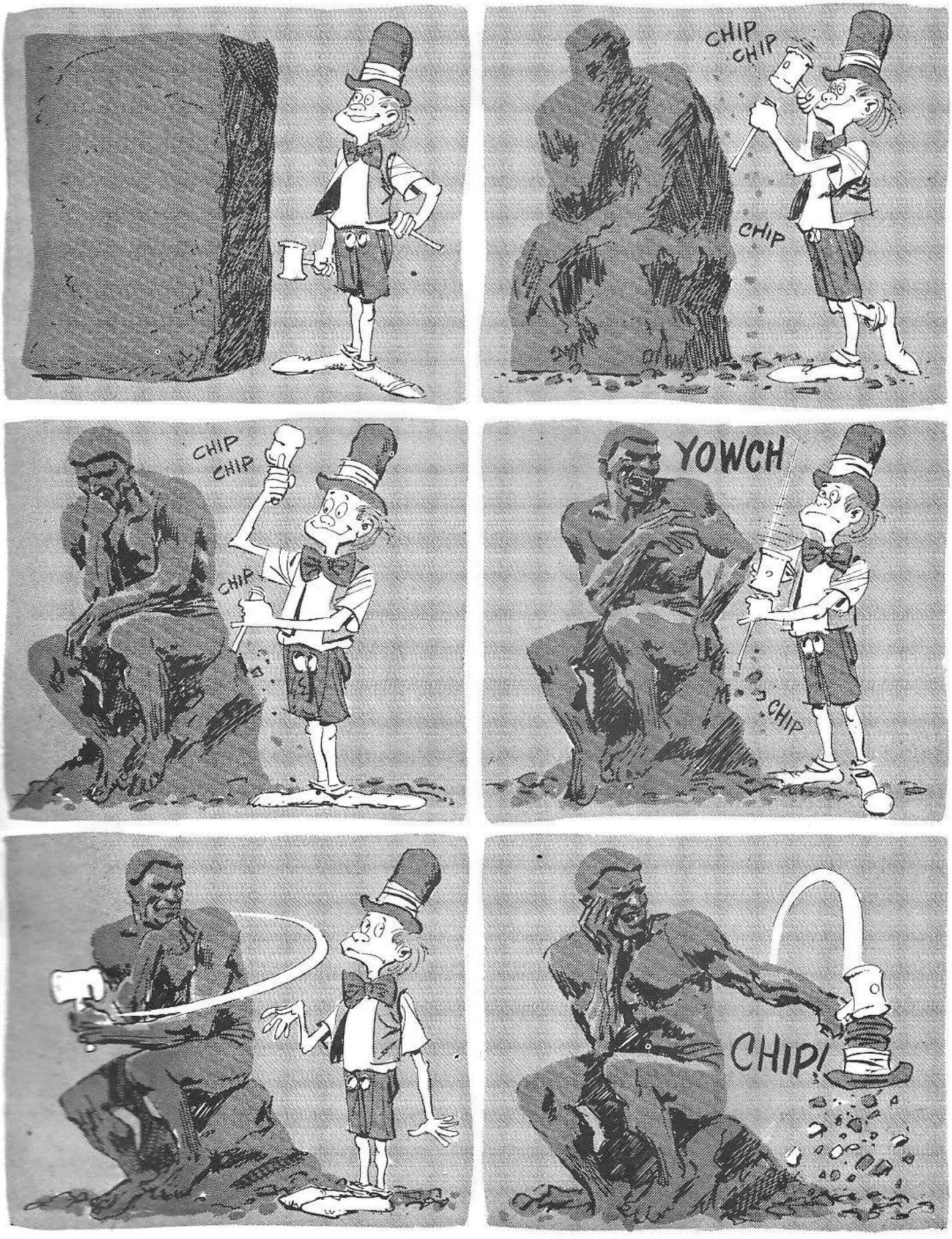
These are your worst mistakes.

School taught me and daily papers keep me up to date on current affairs. But I'm still damned if I know how many Senators there are in the U.S.A., who Phyllis Diller is, and why the postmaster-general should stop reading dirty books.

Mr. A.B. Austin
Coonowrin Road
Glasshouse Mountains
Queensland, Australia

Ed: If you find out, let us know.

HUCKLEBERRY FINK THE THINKER



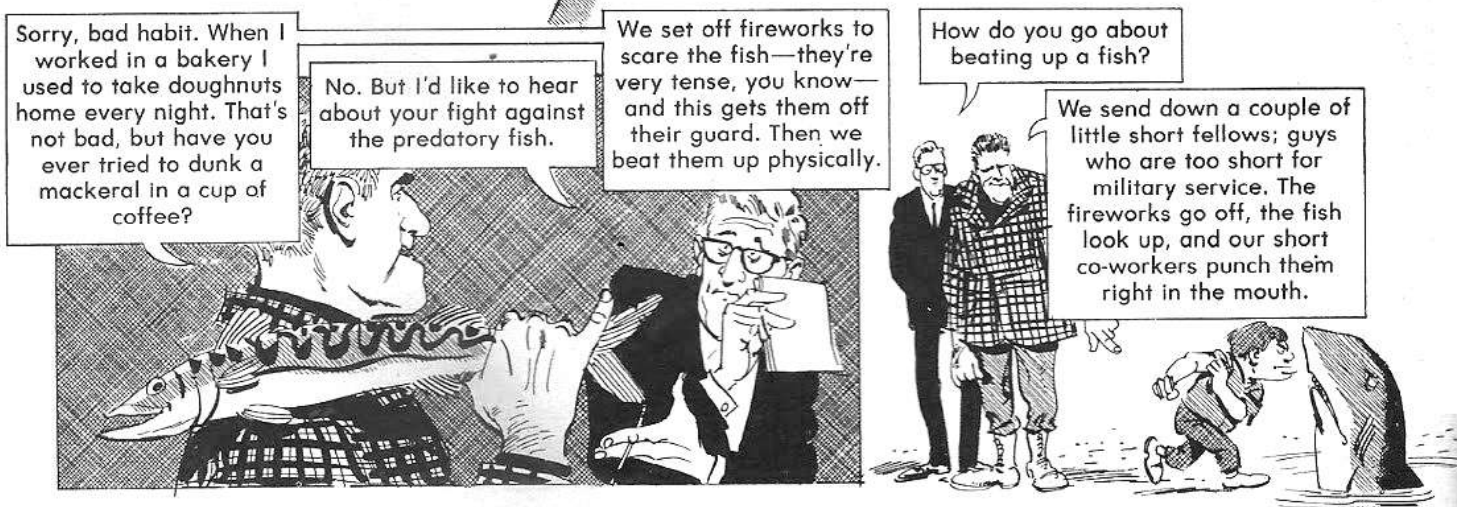
News Item:

PREDATORY FISH DEVOURING SALMON ON WAY TO SPAWN IN COLUMBIA RIVER

Script by Bill Majeski

(To defend against these predatory fish, conservationists have devised numerous methods. One is counter-violence; another is a series of mating calls to lure the predators into entrapment, letting the salmon go about their spawning unmolested—which is only fair.

To get to the nub of the matter, SICK sent its roving reporter, Stanley Roving, to interview Fish Expert Sam Muskellunge)


Sorry, bad habit. When I worked in a bakery I used to take doughnuts home every night. That's not bad, but have you ever tried to dunk a mackeral in a cup of coffee?
No. But I'd like to hear about your fight against the predatory fish.
We set off fireworks to scare the fish—they're very tense, you know—and this gets them off their guard. Then we beat them up physically.
How do you go about beating up a fish?
We send down a couple of little short fellows; guys who are too short for military service. The fireworks go off, the fish look up, and our short co-workers punch them right in the mouth.

Sounds tricky, punching a fish in the mouth.
You make a mistake and punch a shark in the mouth it gets a bit sticky. I have a shark in my living room. Know what it's stuffed with? Larry Ferguson. Fine fish-puncher, but too aggressive for his own good.
Any other ways than punching a fish in the mouth?
Sure. Sometimes we just reach in, grab the fish around his navel, and hold him above water until he drowns. Sometimes if he's a battler, we hit him with a stick.
CHOMP!
What kind of stick?
A fish stick, you silly. What else, a Louisville Slugger?

Now do these predators eat other fish beside salmon?
Shades of Izaak Walton, yes! They are particularly tough on the Banjo Bass.
Banjo Bass. Ha..ha..do they call it that because it can play the banjo? Heh, heh, heh...
Of course it can't play the banjo. It plays the xylophone.

What kind of fish is the best kind to eat?
A wet fish. Always get a wet fish if you can. A dry fish isn't worth the skin it's printed on.
Any mating calls?
I knew you'd get around to that sooner or later, you devil you. Now we've gone to great lengths—sometimes up to three feet—to perfect these calls. We use them in conjunction with a trail, or as they say, spoor. You know what they say, the rich get rich and the spoor get children..which is one of the big reasons behind mating calls.
Can you give us a sample?
I not only can—I will! Ahahahahheeeeohhooooo
What does that mean?
It means "Baby, I like your style..the way you flip and flop can't be beat..." but only to another fish, of course. Here's another one. Wawasashalslewalllaaaa. That means, "Love Me and the World Is Your Oyster." We're recording that on the Hatchery Label, so tell your readers to look for it.
How about another?
Vaovovvvoooalwoo, which means "Come over, my parents have gone out." Great for teen-age predatory fish.
Here's the best. It's so dangerous I wouldn't walk anywhere near a baited hook. Zazawawalsoelappa. That means "a mysterious blonde fish with gorgeous fin tails is in town for the weekend and looking for some action." Some days we wipe out half the underwater element with that zinger.
Doesn't your wife object to you being away so long and working so hard?
Nonsense, I take her with me. Come here, sweetie.
Why she's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen.
Aw, you should have seen the one that got away.

With television today suffering from an overwhelming burden of trite programming, the voluntary cancellation of the Dick Van Dyke Show becomes a tragedy that we refuse to take lying down. Therefore, as a public service, we are going to do one more episode. This then, is our trite version of the greatest comedy show ever to grace the TV scene —

The DUCK VAN DYKE SHOW

Art by Angelo Torres Script by Calvin Castine

Good morning, dear. What's for breakfast?
Scrambled eggs, bacon, toast, oatmeal, pancakes, orange juice, coffee, and a great big kiss.
I'm not too hungry, so I'll just take the coffee.
That's a pretty clever line, Robb. Anyone else would take the kiss. It's no wonder that you're such a talented TV comedy writer with a typical average suburban family.
THE FAMILY IGNORER
Hey, daddy! Did you bring me anything? Huh? Didja? What'd you bring me, daddy? Huh?
You're doing that scene a little early, Risky. I just got out of bed. Wait till I get home from the office, will ya?
Well, dear, I guess I'd better be going to work. Now remember, don't put a dent in our typical new car, don't flirt with our typical milkman, and don't get into an argument with our typical neighbors.
That doesn't leave me much to do, does it?
You could try doing some typical housework for a change.
Good morning, gang.
Hi ya, Robb.
There he is, Appalachia's answer to Tarzan. He's the only fellow I know who ever got his foot stuck in the crack of a sidewalk. He's so skinny that when he was born, the doctors kept looking for the other half of him. He's so desperate for muscles, that he enrolled in Don Knotts' special phys. ed. classes.
I had these "skinny" jokes left over from "Broadway Open House". No offense, Robb.
What are you doing insulting me? You usually save all your insults for Maul.

All right, gang, what do you say we get right down to business?
This plot is beginning to drag.
What plot?
Today I get the couch!
Look here, Robb. Just because you're four feet taller than I am, doesn't mean that you're gonna start ordering me around.
Yeh, who do you think you are?
This is my show, and I say I get the couch.
Bobb! Robb! I've got to talk to you right away.
Oh, good morning, Maul.
You're looking good this morning, Maul.
Is that all you've got to say? Where are your usual insults?
Come on, Boddy. Insult him.
What are you waiting for? Give him a few dozen fast bald-headed jokes.
What's wrong with you, you pot-bellied little runt. Are you going to insult me, or not?
Sorry, fellows, but I'm all out of bald-headed jokes.
In the five years we've been on, I've used over 70,000 bald-headed jokes. And now, I've finally run out. Why don't you get fat or something? I've got a million fat-man jokes that I'm dying to use.
Wait! I've got one! I've heard of people parting their hair in the middle, but this is ridiculous. Hey! From the top, you look like a walking egg. You don't use your head for anything else, why don't you grow a garden or something up there?
Robb, Align wants to see you in his office right away. He said to leave Soully and "it" here.
Say, is it true that you've never heard of a comb?

You'd better hurry, Robb. Align sounded mad.
I'm on my way.
And, all I've got to say to you is, "Yecch!"
SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE by WIL BRAINER
Hey! That's a pretty funny line You'd probably make a great comedien. Have you ever considered working for a living?
Oh, Robb, come in. I was just admiring the world's funniest and handsomest comedien—Me!
Sit down, Robb.
Yes, sir.
I'm not going to beat around the bush, Robb. I'm going to get right to the point. You know I'm not the kind of fellow who wastes time. Isn't that right, Robb.
Yes, sir.
I've always considered myself a good boss to work for. Wouldn't you agree, Robb?
Yes, str.
Robb, do you consider yourself a "yes-man"?
Yes, sir....Uh, I mean No, sir....I mean....
2
You're beginning to sound more like Maul every day.
I resent that! You can't talk to me like that. I know my rights! I'm not going to stand for this any longer. I quit!
You're doing the big blow-up bit way ahead of schedule, Robb. I haven't even got to the good part o' my speech yet.
And he should know because he's secretly mild-mannered Carl Reiner, writer of this show.
What is it, dear? You're home early from the office.
I just quit. Boy, that Alan Brainy makes me mad. I've never seen such an egotistical man. Unless it's Carl Reiner.
Laurel! Hey, Laurel!
Is that you, Melee?

Oh, hi, Robb. You're still home. Don't you think you'd better get to the office? It's getting pretty late.
I've already been to the office.
Really! Did Align give you that raise?
HELP WANTED
What raise?
Well, I sent Align Brainy a dozen letters, saying what a great comedy writer you are, and that without you, he'd be nothing.
You what!!!
Did I do something wrong?
You wrote a dozen letters like that to a man with Align Brainy's ego, and you ask if you did something wrong!? If you were a man, Melee, I'd punch you right in the nose.
You can't talk to me like that! Put 'em up! Come on, put 'em up!
Don't run away from me! Fight like a man.
Robb!
Hey daddy. Did you bring me anything? Huh? Didja? What'd you bring me, daddy? Huh? What'd you bring me?
Will you get ta heck off my head!!?
POW!
Doggone it. That's the fifteenth black eye he's given me this year!

MOVIE SPOOF!

!MOVIE SPOOF

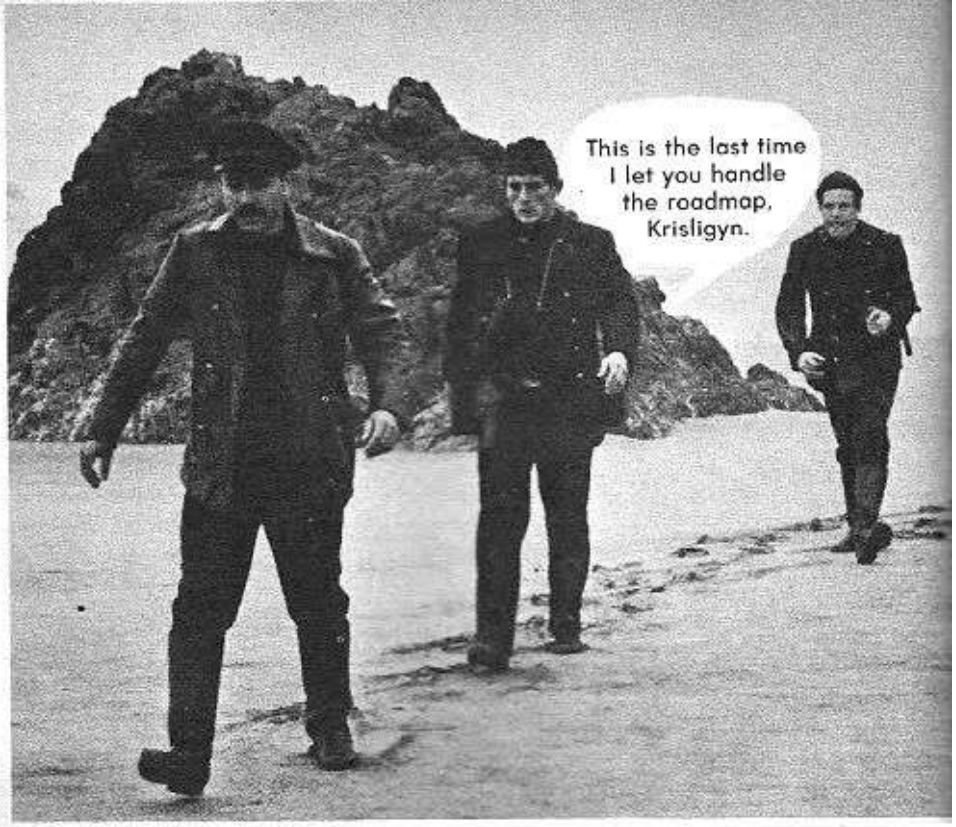
THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING was named by a producer who ate horse radishes, making everything repeat on him.

Besides, it makes customers think a double feature is playing.

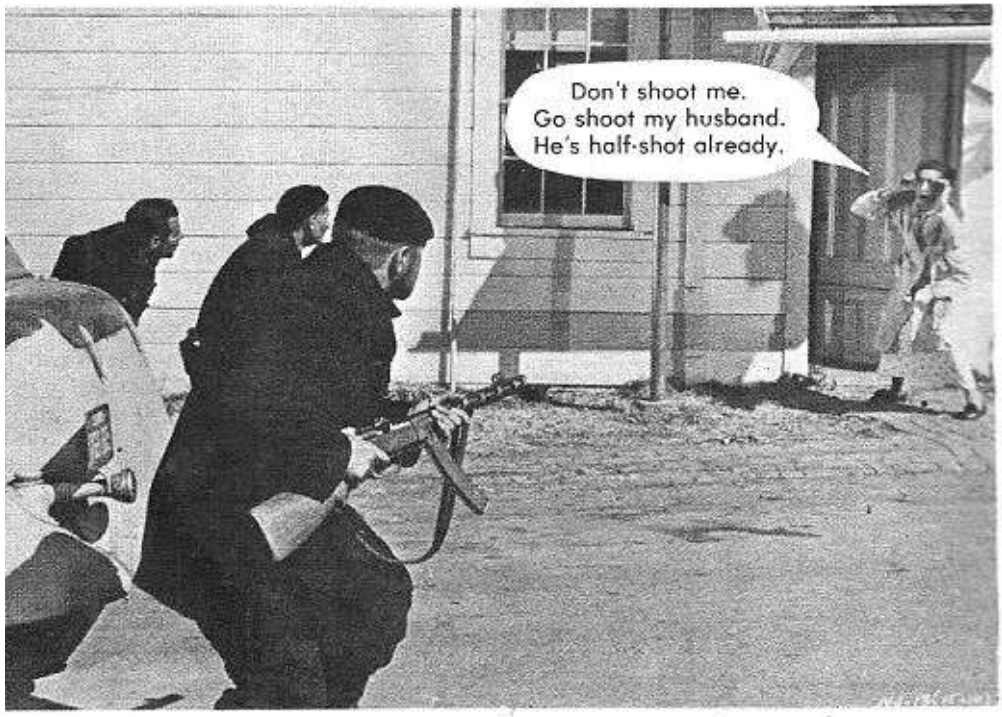
The movie is set off the rock-bound New England shore, not to be confused with Dinah Shore, who is not rock-bound, but rather, Hollywood-bound.

Entire filming was done in Panavision, a small town in Massachusetts, famous for its aggregation of strolling musical maniacs.

The Mirisch Corporation is responsible for the film unless it is left more than 30 days, in which case it reverts to the original owner — Haile Salassie.

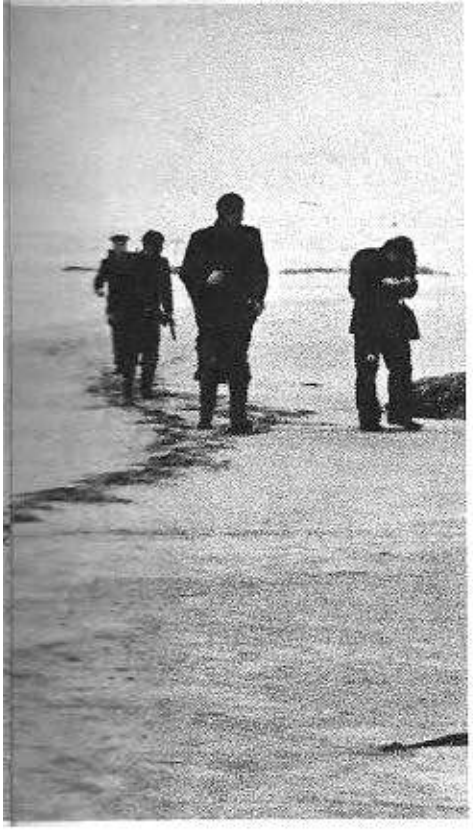


1—The Russians, convinced by some capitalistic travel agency that they should "See America First," take the tourist route to New England. The men have the typical tourist from Russia get-up — binoculars, heavy boots, rifles, small arms, long legs and packets of high explosives. Actually, they have just left their submarine, which ran aground on a sandbar. It was after midnight and the sandbar was closed, so the Russians came to America to get some real vodka. The beach is empty at this time because the tide just came in and washed nine sets of lovers out to sea.



3—Three armed Russians attack an old lady in a chenille housecoat — so far it's a fair fight. But soon, the Russians signal for help. The lady is the postmistress, and her husband is the junk male you've been reading about. The reason she is so alarmed is that she has never seen the back of a 1935 Ford before. The woman is alone in the postoffice when the invaders arrive. She loves the postoffice. It's her old stamping grounds.

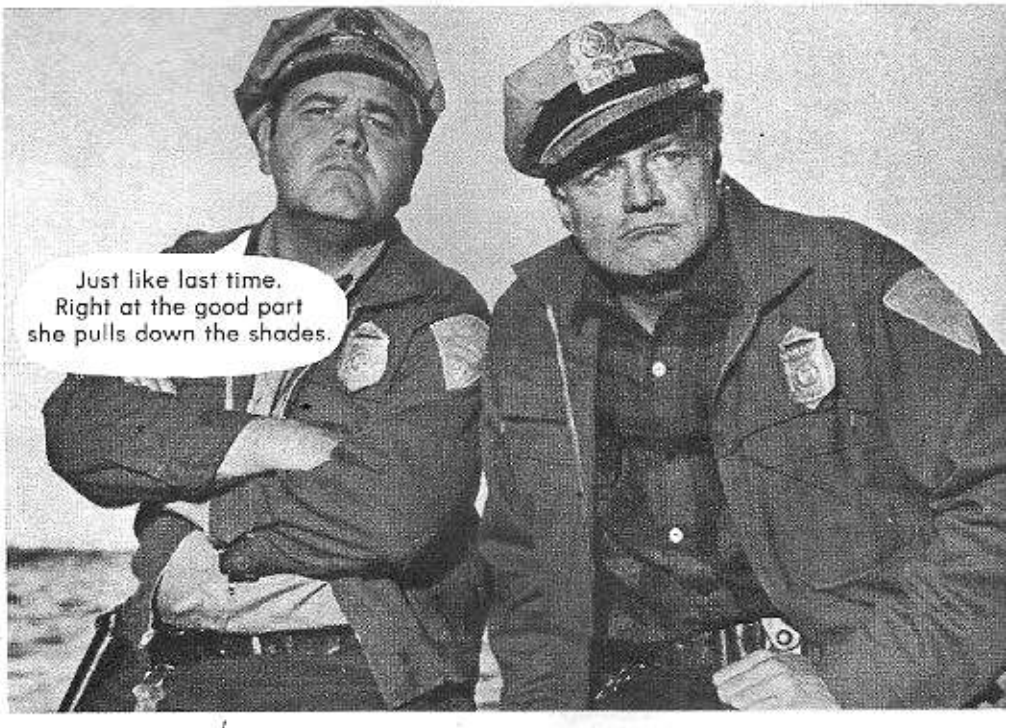
4—Paul Ford, who retired from military service after five years as Sgt. Bilko's colonel, can't resist the call to battle. He earned his Vigilante spurs (the scars still show) by leading a posse after John Wilkes Booth. When he learns the Russians have landed, he is determined to scuttle them or capture



2—Playing the latest party game, *"Jump The Russian,"* Carl Reiner leaps gayfully upon the back of a young Russian who is beginning to think he landed in Greenwich Village. At the right, Carl's wife and son shout fearfully because they aren't sure what's happening to Carl. The young sailor was left to guard the Reiner household while the other eight invaders went into town to see what was doing. The town is rather dull, though, and the villagers amuse themselves by playing *"Pin the Tail on the Village Idiot,"* or *"Spin the Town Drunk."* Notice Carl's toupee. He later removes it sullenly, saying "Hair today, gone tomorrow."

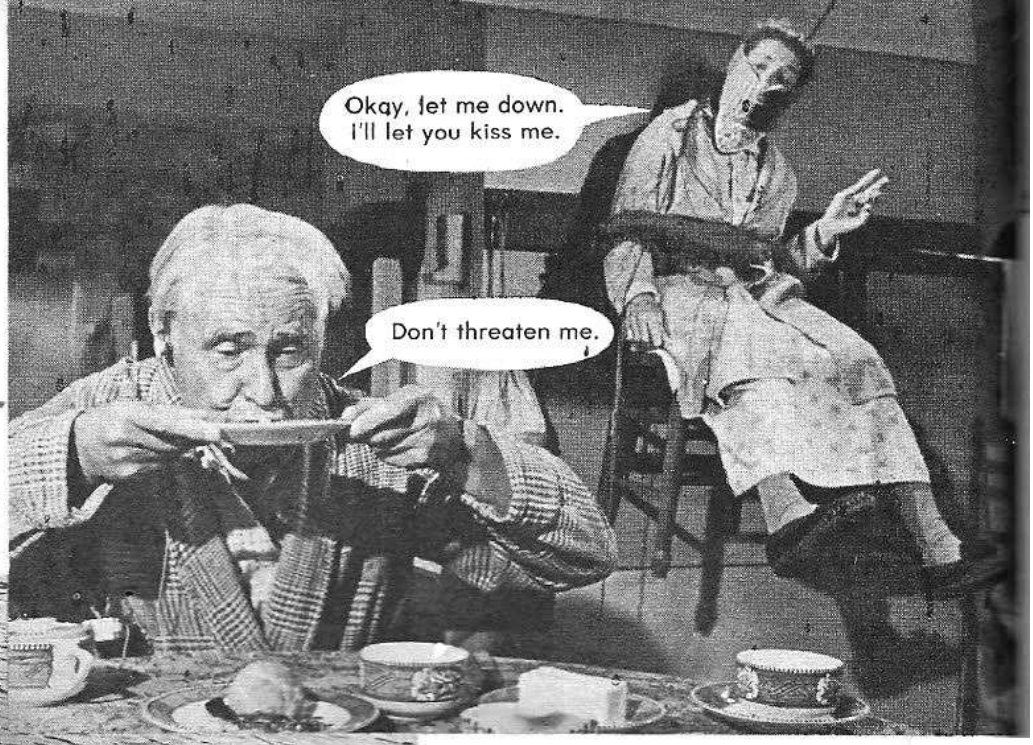
by Bill Majeski

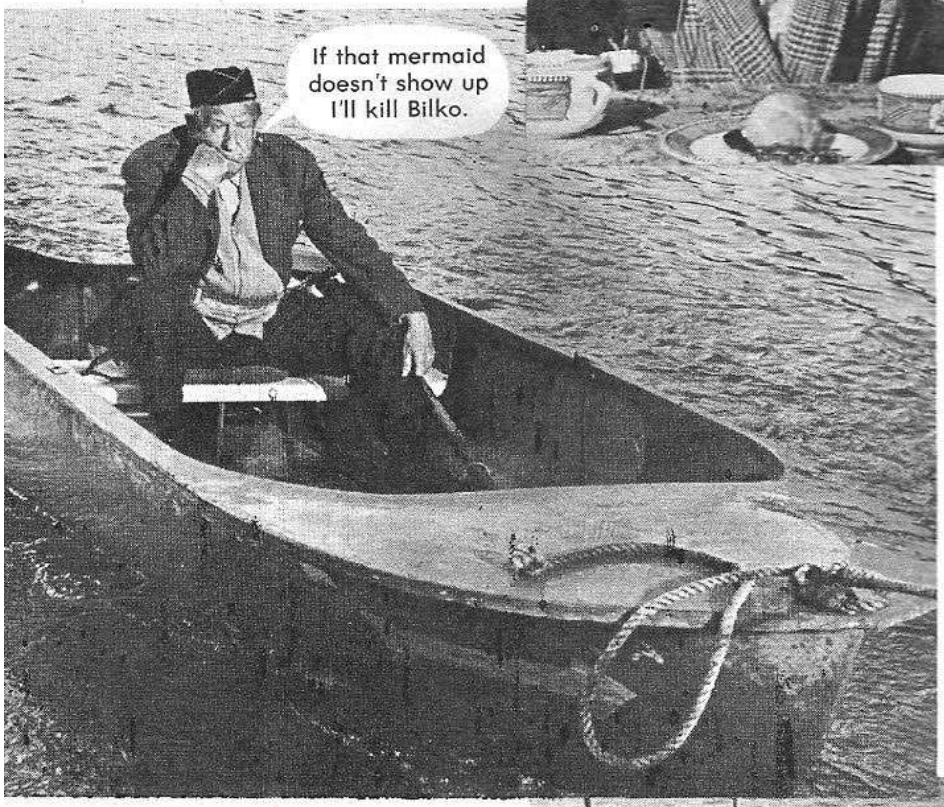
them, or use them as migrant workers on his flag farm in Upper Chauvinism, Vermont. The stalwarts surrounding Ford may look familiar. They are the only survivors of the famous Vassar College panty raid in 1947. These brave men refused to let the coeds get their panties.



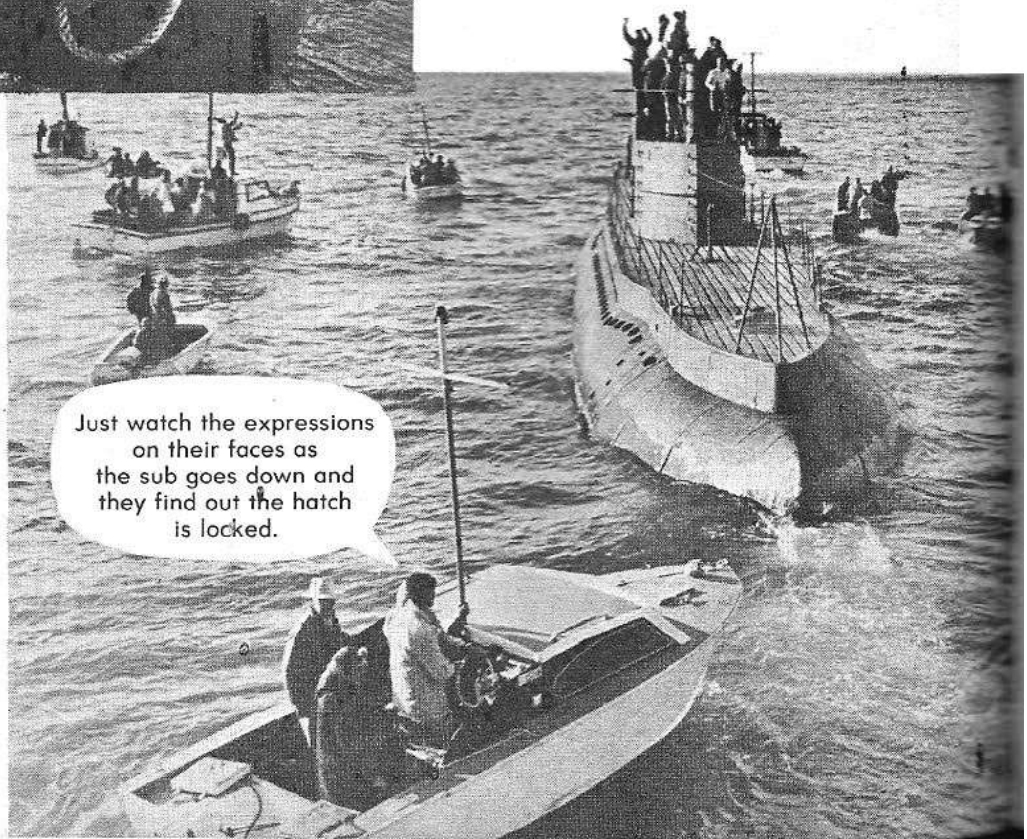
5—These two burly minions of the law are abnormally upset by the news that the Russians have landed. Both men are so slow they have moss growing on the north sides of their heads. Brian Keith, right, has just learned that the Russians have a sub stuck in two fathoms of water, and he can't fathom it. "Too deep for me," said a puzzled Jonathan Winters. He's puzzled because he can't figure out the role they gave him. He wouldn't have been a cop at all, except that he won his badge in a box of Snap-Pop cereal. Every noontime he bows in the direction of General Mills.

6—The postmistress is hung from the wall with great care by the Russians. She hasn't been this high since last Saturday night. The Russians put a gag in her mouth and it was about the best gag in the picture. Husband knows his wife is there, but is not letting on. It's the first quiet meal he's had in years. Note the expression of pleasure as he eats a typical New England breakfast—a plate of clam chowder, leg of oyster, boiled seaweed and fricasseed lobster lips. After the meal, it's New England tradition that he gets sick.





7—No one ever calls any more, muses Paul Ford as he is towed out to sea to give some protection to the Russian sub. Paul can't figure it out. He wanted to blow up the submarine and signalled the Air Force for jets to sink it. Instead, the lovable townfolks want to let the Russians go home safely. Reason they like the Russians is that they helped save a young kid trapped in a church steeple. It was the first time the Russians had been to church in years. Ford thinks the whole thing is a help to Marxist-Lenin-Stalin dogma, and he blanches when a Russian says: "Love me, love my dogma."



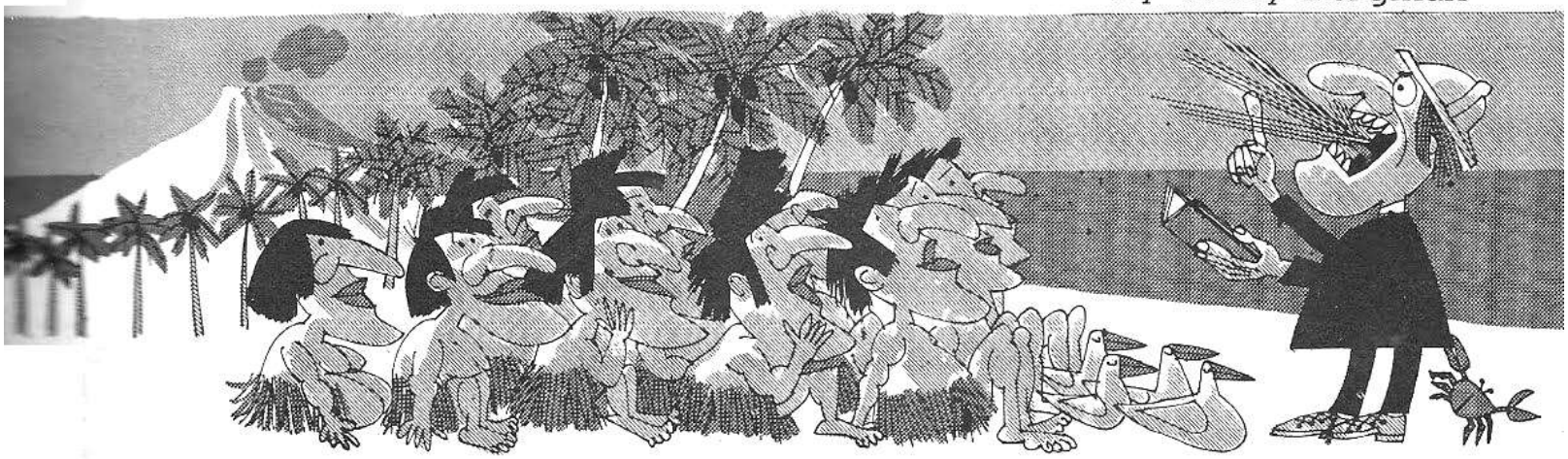
8—Russians wave goodbye from conning tower after conning Paul Ford into their freedom. Dozens of dinghies, yawls (southern New Englanders have "yawls"), skiffs, trawlers, give an escort to the Russian submarine, headed for the Red Sea. If any of the fishing boats follow, Ford will call them fellow travelers and demand an investigation. After the Russians went away, two fishing boat captains went about their duties. Said one, "Catch many haddock?" Said the other: "75."

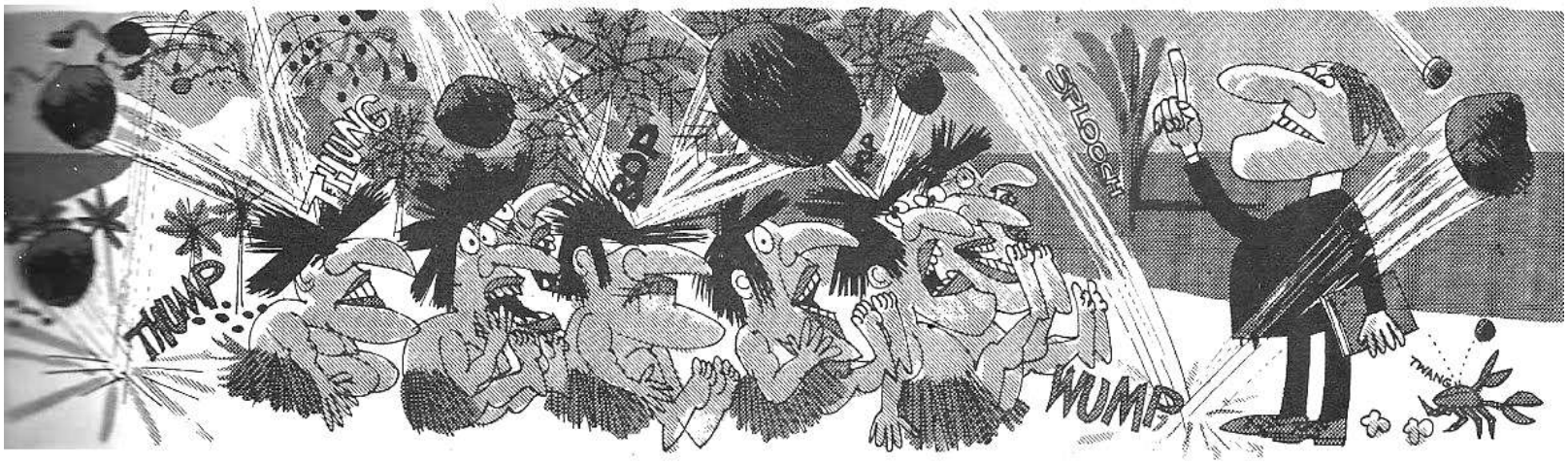
"How many smelt?"

"All of them, baby, all of them."

CONGREGATION

By Harry Borgman





IF TV SHOWS WERE WRITTEN BY THE AD AGENCIES

The Federal Communications Commission limits its TV stations to only four minutes of commercials for each half-hour "prime-time" show. But these evening hours are the most lucrative for the networks because, due to the larger audiences, they are able to charge the advertisers much more for their commercials than is possible in the daytime or late-evening viewing hours. However, if the networks had their way they'd run 26 minutes of commercials and four minutes of entertainment. But this is legally impossible, thank goodness.

Of course, knowing the networks as we do, they'll probably figure out some very subtle way to squeeze in more commercials without digressing from the all-important content and main character of the various shows.

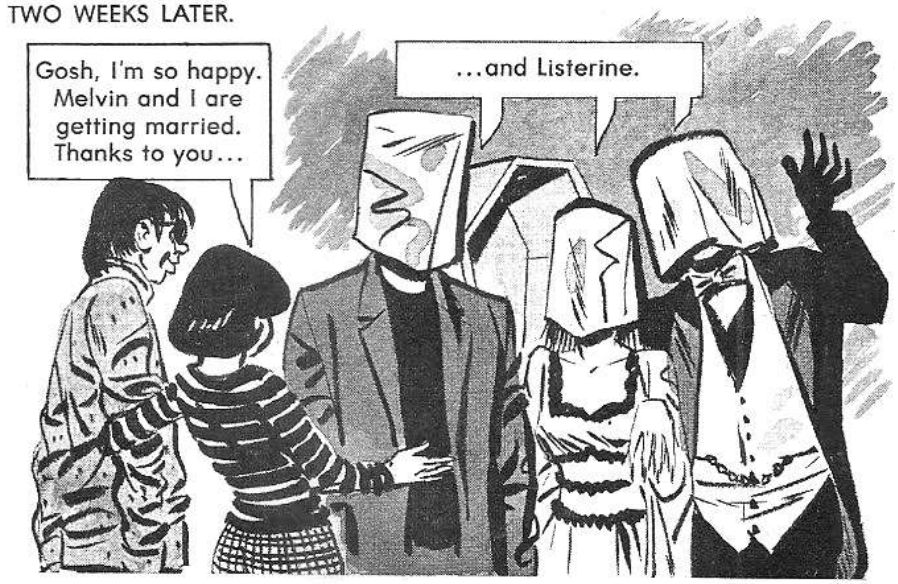
F'rinstance;

PEYTON PLACE

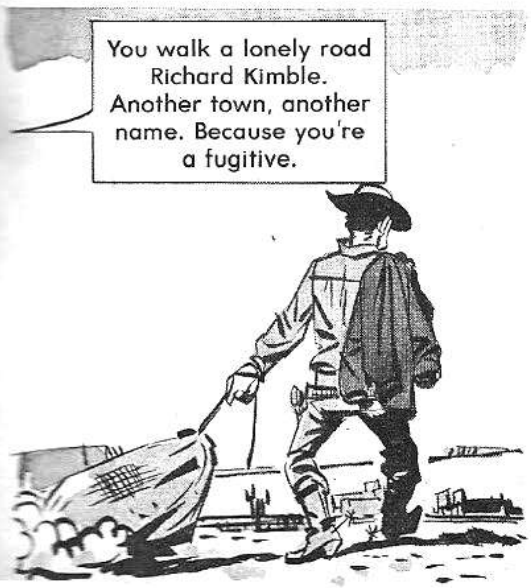
Well Norman, your brother is going to get the electric chair for murdering my old boy friend, my mother's bar was raided, and they fired me from my job in the drug store. Isn't that terrible.
Not as terrible as your coffee
NEXT DAY. Rita is in the super market looking at various coffee brands. Constance Mackenzie approaches.
What's wrong, Rita?
Norman says I don't know how to make coffee.
It's not how you make it that counts. You have to have a Swedish accent.
COFFEE
MEANWHILE. Norman is at the apartment drinking coffee and smiling. Instead of Rita, Katy Holstrum (Inger Stevens of "The Farmer's Daughter") is with him. There is a large jar of Instant Folger's on the table.
INSTANT Folger's coffee
Darling, you make the greatest coffee. I love you. Leave that stupid congressman and run away with me.
What can you give me that he can't give me?
Two nights a week on TV.

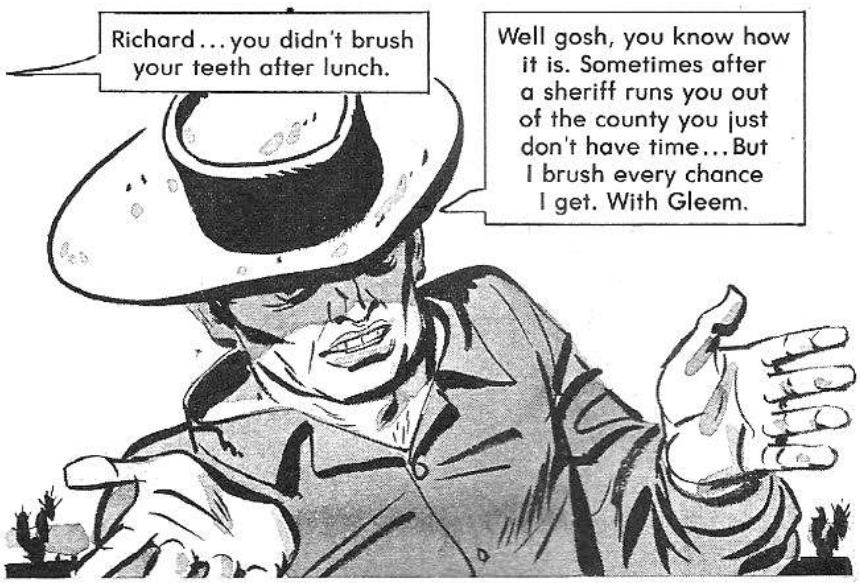
THE MUNSTERS

Gosh, Uncle Herman what's the matter with me? I can never keep a boy friend.
Well, darling I guess this is what guardians are for. Your breath is rotten. Why don't you try Listerine.
RIP



THE FUGITIVE

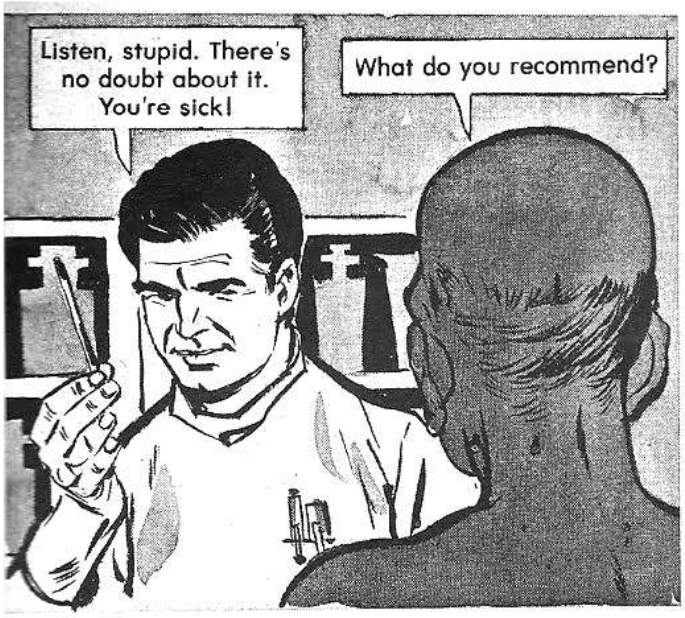


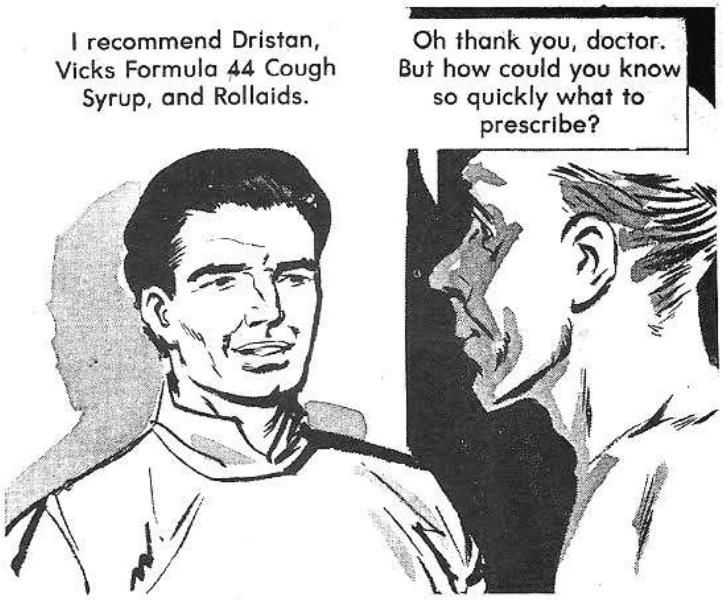

Richard... you didn't brush your teeth after lunch.
Well gosh, you know how it is. Sometimes after a sheriff runs you out of the county you just don't have time... But I brush every chance I get. With Gleem.

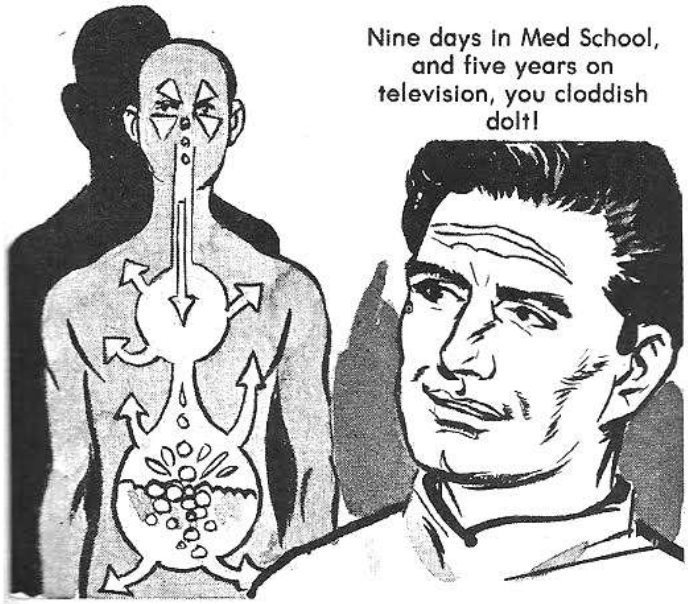
CLEANSERMAN and The BOY CLEANSER

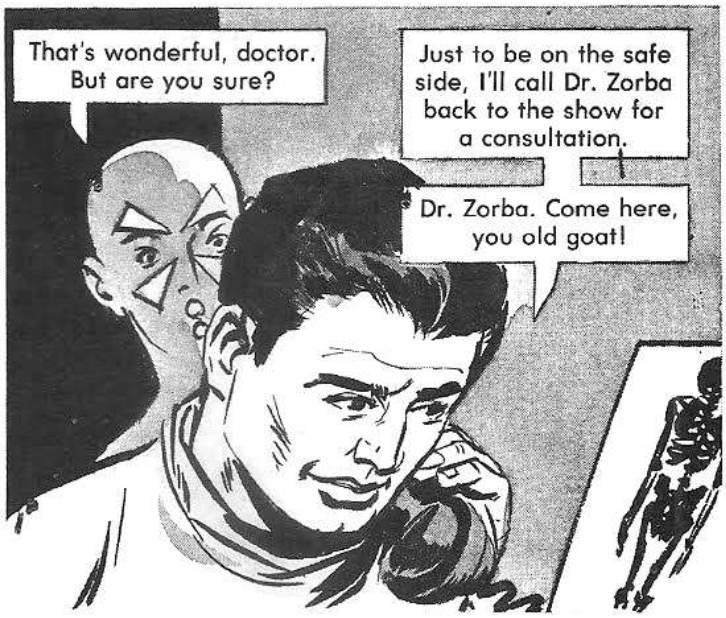
Golly gee Cleanserman, how come a good-looking millionaire like you never got married? And why did you adopt me? And how come we have to wear these leotards all the time?
Shut up and keep drying, Cleanserboy.
Great Scott, boy. It's the Cleanser Signal. Pick up the Cleanser Phone and ask The Commissioner what's wrong.
Jumpin' Jehosophat! The Commissioner says that Dirtman is robbing the Gotham City Bank.
Holy Moly!
Stop stealing exclamations from Captain Marvel. Are we gonna take the Cleansermobile?
No, kid. We're in a hurry. Grab a can of Ajax.
Curses!! It's Cleanserman and Cleanserboy!
Well, kid. Do you see the lesson to be learned here?
You mean that crime doesn't pay?
No, Boy Cleanser. That Ajax gets you out of the kitchen fast.

BEN CASEY


Listen, stupid. There's no doubt about it. You're sick!
What do you recommend?


I recommend Dristan, Vicks Formula 44 Cough Syrup, and Rollaids.
Oh thank you, doctor. But how could you know so quickly what to prescribe?


Nine days in Med School, and five years on television, you cloddish dolt!

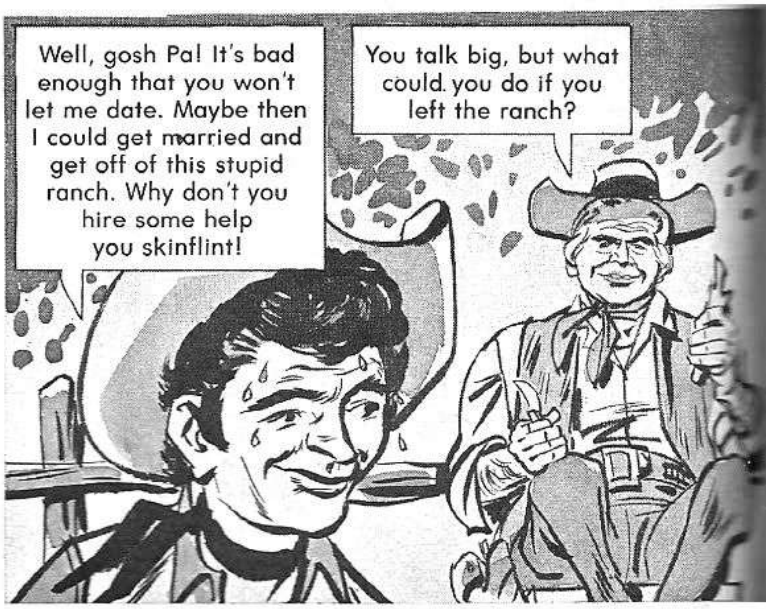

That's wonderful, doctor. But are you sure?
Just to be on the safe side, I'll call Dr. Zorba back to the show for a consultation.
Dr. Zorba. Come here, you old goat!

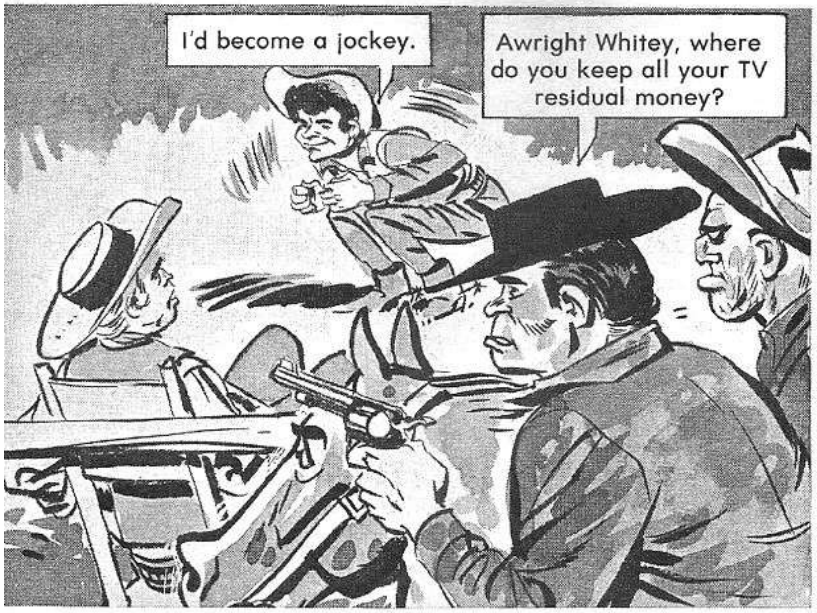
Yes, Dr. Casey?
Good grief, Zorba! What's happened to you, you old windbag?

It's easy Ben, when you know your Score... hair cream, that is.
Gosh, and I thought a little dab would do me.

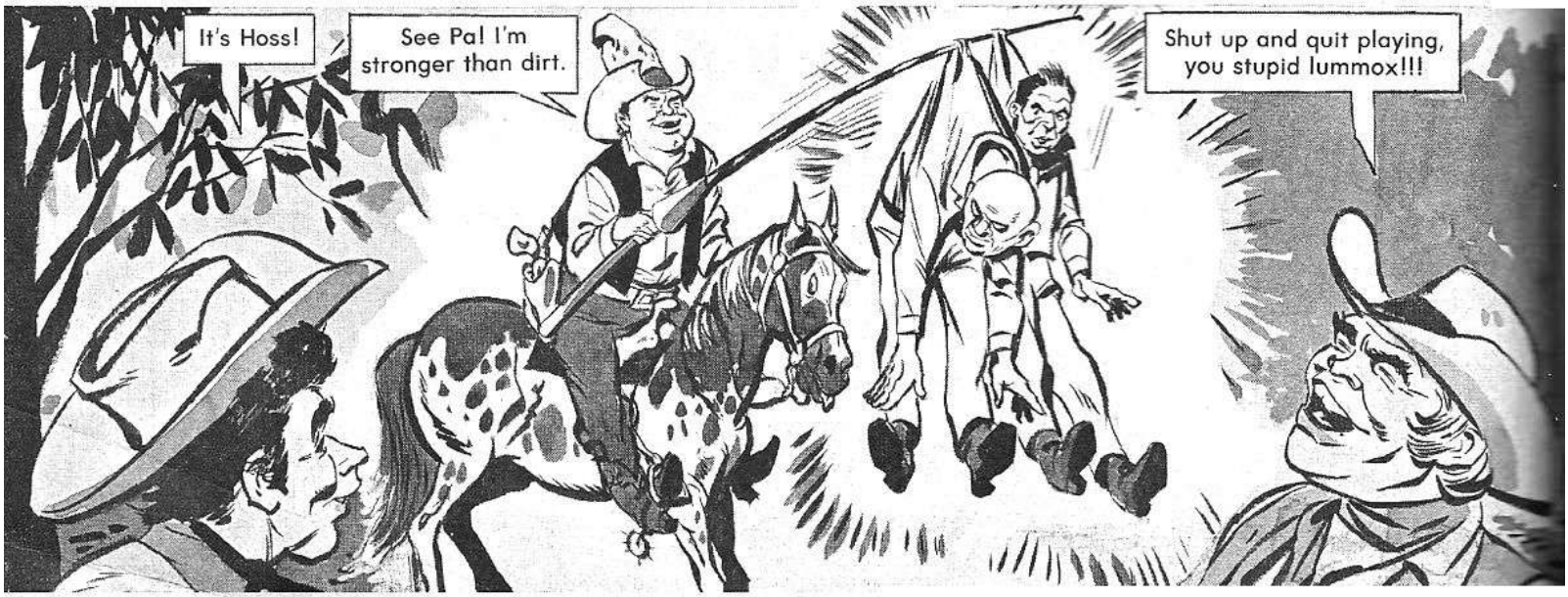
BONANZA

Gee Pa, I'm tired.
Shut up and keep chopping!


Well, gosh Pa! It's bad enough that you won't let me date. Maybe then I could get married and get off of this stupid ranch. Why don't you hire some help you skinflint!
You talk big, but what could you do if you left the ranch?


I'd become a jockey.
Awright Whitey, where do you keep all your TV residual money?

I'll never tell.
Oh yeah! Then we're gonna kill ya!


It's Hoss!
See Pa! I'm stronger than dirt.
Shut up and quit playing, you stupid lummox!!!

The big news in publishing circles is the return to popularity of comic books. The adventure comic books, that is—not the comic comics. Trouble is, have you looked at them lately? They're really funny! Every character is just pure fantasy—either a hero or a villain with no in-betweens. And each one is dressed in some ridiculous costume that makes them look like they're walking around in their long underwear. You won't find a human being anywhere in these books. And if you ever meet the guys who turn it out you'd run into the same trouble. To investigate this comic situation SICK recently visited one of the more active editorial offices that turn out . . .

The New Age of Comics

by Joe Simon Art by Angelo Torres

You call yourself an *artist*, Dripko? You should be drawing *relief checks!* The Giant Cockroach in last month's Super Misery Comics came out looking like Fearless Dick Daring in this month's Incredibly Nauseous Comics!
You know darn well Giant Cockroach is the *good guy* and Fearless is the villain!
I got mixed up, Sam. I thought the Abominable Dragonman was the hero.
How many times I gotta tell you? Dragonman is the one with the electronic tonsils who kills people with his hot smelly breath!
60 ST.
MADISON AV.
NO PARKING
That's right. He used to be the Crawling Aardvaark but you changed his image because readers couldn't identify with him.
Good thinking, Shirley you're the only one who remembers!
I'll make the changes, Sam. I draw so many different characters I get confused sometimes.
Alright, do the whole book over and have it on my desk in an hour—we've got twenty other books to get out today!
And don't forget to sign my name to it!
25

Gosh, Sam, how do you do it? I mean, writing our whole line of 19,000 comic books all by yourself? And you only come in *mornings*?
I'll tell you how come every book goes out of here saying "*written by Sam Me*"—I only hire writers named *Sam Me!* Got about forty of them right now! You think I handle all this jazz *myself*?
I got to hand it to you, Sam, the way you fool around with the books!
How else can I make a living in this ridiculous business?
We got a big problem, Sam! We're running out of comic book heroes. Last month we did the Smiling Blob and now Nationality Comics has the Frowning Blob. We did the Dripping Nose—they came up with the Leaky Nose. They even switched our new Half-Man Half-Ostrich around the other way!
No problem, Plotsky—let's switch *their* characters around!
How do you think we got *ours* in the *first place*?
You're right, I forgot! Let's see if we can hire some *idea men* named Sam Me!
But we *did*—and they couldn't come up with more than 2 dozen.
BULLPEN
KEEP OUT
Verboten!
There just aren't any new characters around—we used them all up!
Say, I got an idea!
Great! Sign my name to it and do six pages!
Why not bring back the *old* characters?
That's the best idea I've had all morning—*bring 'em in!*
How marvelous it is to look upon our great heroes of yesterday who thrilled millions with their fantastic feats of daring!
These are the *live* ones, Sam. We killed off our best characters rather than let them fall into enemy hands!
Enemy hands?
Writers who aren't named *Sam Me!*
PLASMA
Now I remember. But I'm not licked yet. Come with me . . .

Captain American!! The biggest character of the forties! You mean you saved him for just such an emergency?
Right! And to think I almost ate him when comics went down in the fifties and I was starving!
You couldn't bring yourself to do it?
I had signed my name to it—you can't eat your own creation!
You created him?
I created everybody, son!
Son? You mean . . . ?
You never knew your real father, now did you?
Well . . . I . . .
We'll talk about it later—let's unfreeze him!
Huh? Wha-a? Where's the action? Lemme at 'em—I'll kill 'em all!
Take it easy, Captain American, all your foes are long since dead. I'm going to invent new ones for you to face!
All dead? Not Adolf Hitler too?
It's true—I even signed my name to his death! But don't worry about it—I'm creating another World War just so you'll have more villains to fight.
I can't wait! I must go out and fight violence and crime wherever I find it! Think of my image!
No, don't jump! We're 86 floors up and you're not as young as you used to be!
It's too late! He's a goner! We forgot to defrost his magic shield! Now we'll have to invent somebody else.
There'll never be another like him!
I know! How c bout a character called Sam Me?
Plotsky, you're a genius! Remind me to put your name in the credits sometime!
A character named Sam Me—you think anybody would believe one could exist?
Whatever you're mumbling about, Plotsky—write it down and sign my name to it!

SICK LIMERICKS

Capsule Careers

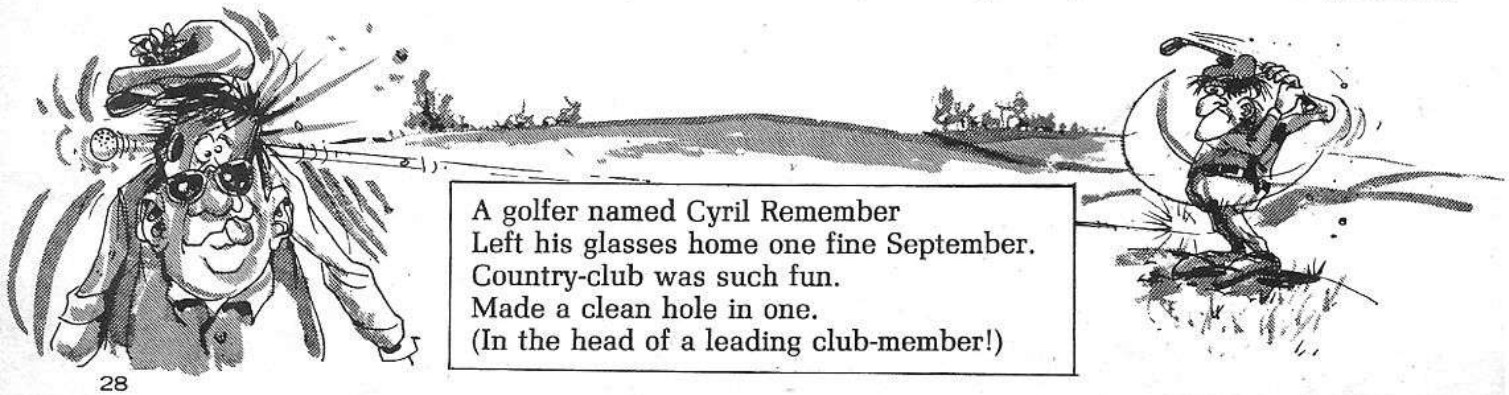
In This GREAT SOCIETY

Script by
Fred Wolfe

Art by
BOB Taylor

A parachute-jumper named Groot
Took a jump and then yanked at his chute.
The wrong cord he pulled there
Made him bare in the air.
(Twas the trap-door on Groot's union suit!)

A wrestler, by name of Getzel
Fought another guy, by name of Wetzel.
They got twisted, these yeggs.
Arms wrapped tightly 'round legs.
(Now they both pose as models for pretzels!)

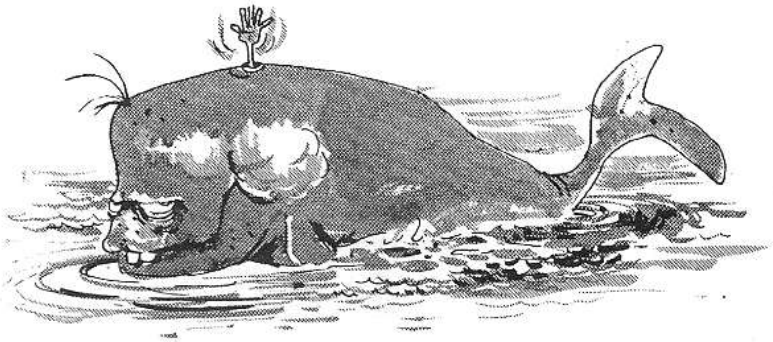


A golfer named Cyril Remember
Left his glasses home one fine September.
Country-club was such fun.
Made a clean hole in one.
(In the head of a leading club-member!)

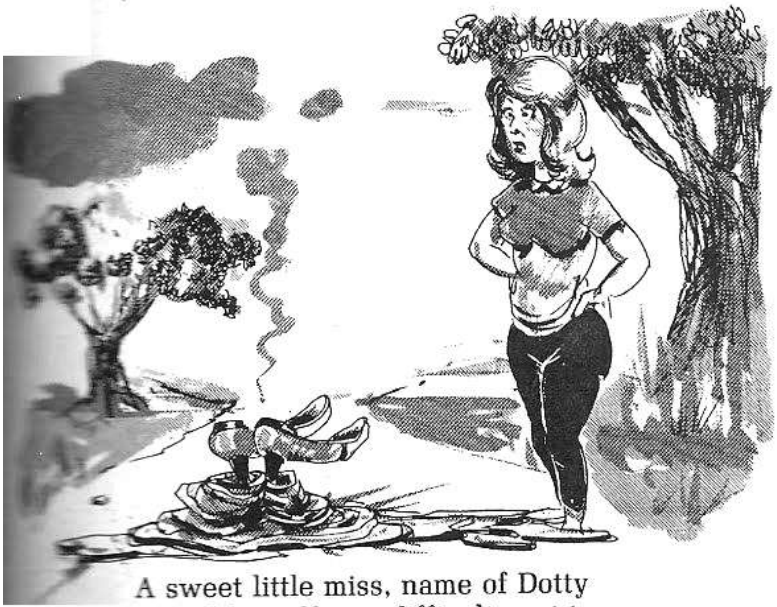
A boxer named "knockout" O'Toole
Never went past the third grade in school.
When knocked down in a fight
He'd stay down the whole night.
(Couldn't count up to ten, the poor fool!)

A pitcher called "Strike-out" O'Towers
All the sports-writers showered with flowers.
Once his spit-ball let fly.
(He spit in the ump's eye).
He sent Towers to the showers for hours!

A skiing instructor named Hans
Had an upsetting change in his plans.
When he leaped, he did find
That his skis stayed behind.
(And a child there cried: "Look, ma! No Hans!")



A surfer named Mamie O'Dishes
On her surfboard went faster than fishes.
One day Mamie did sail
In the mouth of a whale
Who inhaled and said: "Mame. You're delicious!"



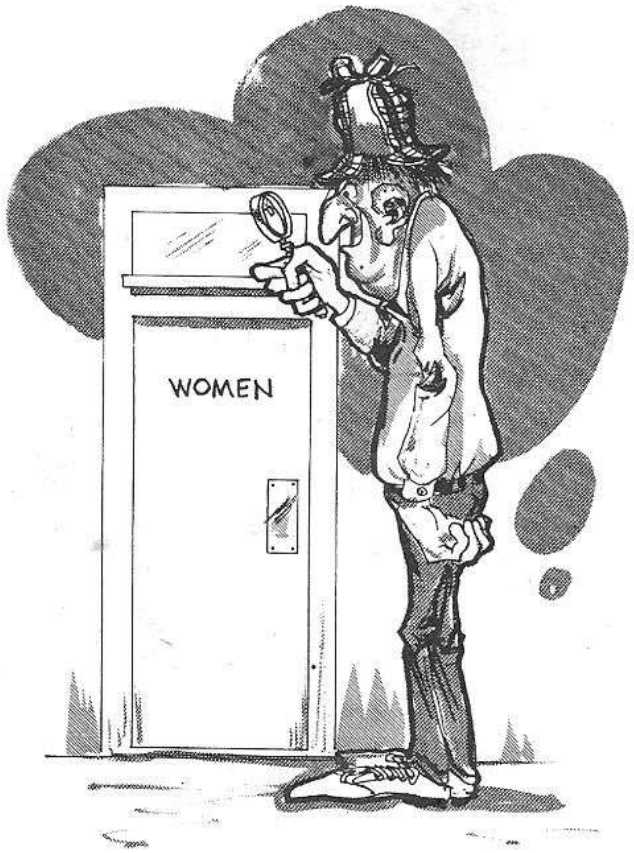
A sweet little miss, name of Dotty
Found herself in a difficult spot-ty.
Some guy tried to attack.
Found himself on his back.
(Little Dotty had practiced Karate!)

A rodeo-rider named Slade
Roped wild bulls and was never afraid.
Turned his back (Showed his scorn!)
The bull raised up one horn.
(And the nurse blushed who gave Slade first-aid!)

A mountaineer, by name of Rover
Climbed Mount Everest and was in clover.
But he slipped (What a shame!)
Yet his "trip" brought him fame.
Folks exclaimed: "Hey! That's Rover all over!"

A dull tennis player named Abel
Played some ping-pong upon a wood table.
When he won, did forget.
He leaped over the net.
(He still picks splinters out of his navel!)

A sportsman named Reggie O'Rubb
Hunted "rabbits" (But just in a pub).
For the "creatures" he sought
Really loved to be caught.
(They were "bunnies" from some Playboy Club!)



A basketball-player named Ransom
Eight-foot-two (Had to do with his glands some).
He retired, this guy.
Made a great private-eye.
Needs no chair to peek over a transom!

A hot-rodder named Tim O'Flings
Aimed head-on at those truck-trailer things.
Wouldn't turn! (Pace did quicken).
Had to prove he's not chicken.
(Now there's feathers on Tim's brand new wings).

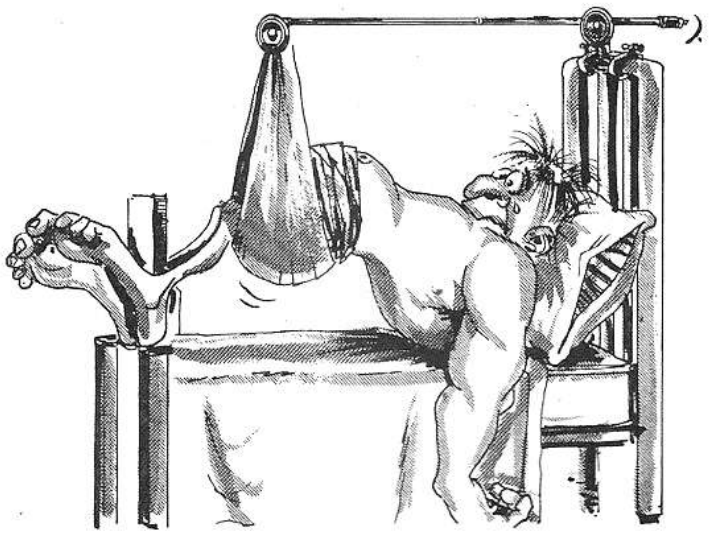
A young discus-thrower named Hy
Threw a disk like an Olympic guy.
One day threw it too far.
It flew into a bar.
(And a drunk ate it for pizza-pie!)

An ice-hockey goalie named Fred
Stood in front of his little wire shed.
Puck came like a tobaggan!
Fred stopped it (with his noggin).
His coach said: "Fred. That's using your head!"

A young polo-player named Mole
Always missed with his two-headed pole.
Yes, his playing was poor.
But at last, he did score!
(When his horse kicked him over the goal!)

A pole-vaulter, by name of Lars
With great ease would leap over high bars.
Then one night, some wise soul
Put a spring on Lars' pole.
(When last seen Lars was headed for Mars).

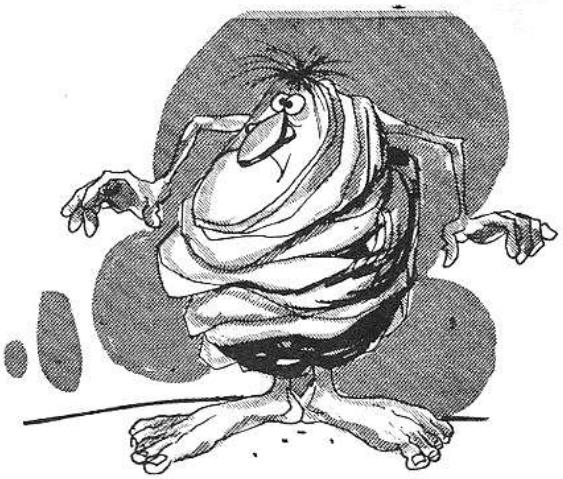
A swordsman named "Reckless" O'Getters
Always welcomed a duel with his betters.
But he paid for false pride.
Got a sword through his side.
(Now they use him to open up letters!)



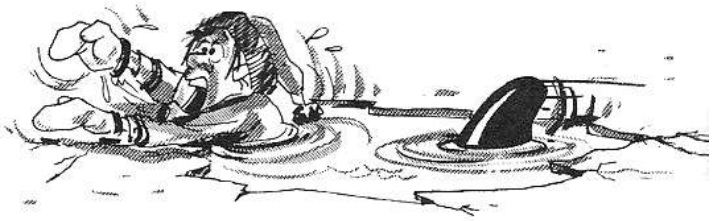
A weight-lifter named "Muscles" Russ
Made a pass at a babe. (What a fuss!)
Seems her boy-friend got sore.
Nailed his weights to the floor.
Now they're fitting poor Russ for a truss!

There was a young trapper named Niles.
Trapping Mink made his face beam with smiles.
But he really felt punk
When he trapped a large skunk.
No more smiles.
(You can smell Niles for miles!)

A spear-fisherman, name of Reese
Saw a form, then his spear did release.
What he thought was a trout
Was a lady quite stout.
(Now she's mounted on Reese' mantlepiece!)



A swimmer named "Back-Stroke" McFlynn
Won a prize every time he dove in.
But one day someone cruel
Pulled the plug from the pool.
(Now McFlynn wears his nose on his chin!)



An ice-skater named Conrad Yate
Nearly had a first prize on his plate.
He tried to over-do it.
(That's when Yate really blew it).
Drew two fours 'stead of one figure eight!

A buffalo-hunter named Phil
Had an idea to pay every bill.
But Phil got in a pickle.
Used their heads for a nickel.
(And the government's hunting him still.)

An old bronco-buster named Raddle
Rode each maverick firmly a-straddle.
Though they'd kick and they'd buck
Raddle they couldn't chuck.
(For he glued his rear-end to the saddle!)

Sick Sick Sick World

Art by Charles Berger

by Jim Atkins

Washington is buzzing (and laughing) because a much-needed lobbyist has opened up shop in D.C.

As one national magazine noted, "Everyone else has a lobby, and now humorists have one." The lobbyist is Jim Atkins (where have I heard that name) who represents *The Humor Exchange Network,* which is headed by George Q. Lewis, of New York City.

The lobby has been written about in national magazines and I've appeared on interview shows, including Tom Clarks' show on WBBM, Chicago and The Steve Allison Show, on WDDC, Washington, D.C.

On these shows I pointed out that Sen. Goldwater lost the last election because the comics were against him. They made him the butt of their jokes, make him look silly, and that's why he lost.

I also pointed out during interviews that a Comic (Dick Gregory) is running for office...Mayor of Chicago. I said that comics and comedy writers as a minority group are discriminated against because people don't take them serious. I called on the people to judge Gregory on his qualifications—and not to vote for him, or against him—just because he's funny.

We'll have more reports on the H.E.N. Humor Lobby and we'll tell you how you can help develop a national sense of humor. First step: write Pres. Johnson and your Congressmen and tell them to be funny ...to use more humor in politics and make it more interesting.

I also pointed out that what this country really needs is a National Humor Commission to tell the people what to laugh at. The government tells us how to do everything else, it ought to tell us what to laugh at. Jokes should be tested by the Bureau of Standards and lists of certified, funny jokes should be printed for the public.

Columnist Robert Sylvester says that now that African airline hostesses are wearing leopard skin hats, they ought to be easy to spot.

Bill Adler has compiled and edited a book (new thin book) on *"The Johnson Humor."* He quotes the President as saying of the Inaugural Ball: "Never before have so many paid so much to dance so little." So, let's give the VP equal time. Washington Daily News Columnist Don Maclean says: "They ought to make Hubert Humphrey a secret agent...agent 0008. Then they could put a silencer on him."

• • •

I'll never forget the first time I saw Off-Beat Humorist Dave Gardner. Why should I? Nothing happened. I just said, "Hi, Dave." And he said, "Eeeeeek, wild, man. Ugdooo."

Actually, he said a little more than that. I interviewed him and he said he was not a comic, but a humorist.

He explains that a comic would tell a joke like this: "Would you hit a woman with a child?" Ans.: "No, I'd hit her with a brick."

Now Gardner says a humorist doesn't tell those kind of jokes. And it's lucky for him. Says Dave: I dwell on thoughts and realms of the mind. My humor depends on stimulating thinking. It makes everybody happy if that makes any smart to you."

Here are a few one-liners from Gardner: "Rich folks ain't happy because they're too busy having fun... Strangers are just friends who ain't met yet...The mind is beautiful and if we study it in the right light there ain't no darkness...If everything was legal, there wouldn't be no crime...I don't have to watch what I say, just what I think...You can't do anything again. Once you've done it, it's gone. You can only do something similar...A good salesman can sell aluminum siding to folks in a brick house."

His humor borders on the metaphysical. He beats around the burning bush. His head seems too large for his body, but it's the only one he has. He says that once you can hear silence, you've reached the right dimension.

His hobby is stirring up snakes.

• • •

A Beatnik is a man on the bottom, looking down.

• • •

A mouse was sent to the moon in a U.S. rocket. When he got back, his friends asked him how it went. He said: "Well, it was rough, but it wasn't as bad as the cancer experiments last year."

Soupy Sales said: "Show me a suit for an octopus, and I'll show you a coat of arms."

The Octopus says: Does this suit have two pairs of pants?

• • •

FROG NEWS—Drinking makes frogs high. That is, they jump higher after a few belts. This news from Lagos, Nigeria, where witnesses claimed that drinking frogs jumped twice as high. The frog frolics came about when a truckload of illicit gin fell in Lagoon while trying to escape police. I hope there were no octopi in the lagoon. Can you imagine an octopus trying to put on its coat to go home after it had been drinking.

• • •

HAIR TODAY—So many women are wearing wigs nowadays it's impossible to tell which girl has the phony.

• • •

HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLUMN—Where's that horse you were going to sell me?"

The reply: "It got well."

• • •

EGG ECONOMICS—A nest egg is something inflation has turned into chicken feed.

• • •

MAD MORT—Mort Sahl was in Washington, D.C. and he's still mad. Now he's mad at the Democrats. Here's what he says:

"Humphrey stays in the shadow of Johnson because he can't cast one himself."

"The protocol chief is one who always stands behind the President at a party and whispers the guests' names in his ear."

I didn't say he was funny, I just said he was mad.

• • •

COWARDS' DEPT.—A blackmailer was arrested in Russia for extorting money from people by threatening them with bodily harm if they didn't cough up large sums of money. When caught, he said he selected people with signs in their yards which said: Beware of Dog." He said such people were always cowards, and always paid.

• • •

There is just one thing a performer can get without money—sick. This wisdom from Jackie Mason.

• • •

HEADLINE TIME: A headline in the New York Times stated: "H-Bomb depicted As Too Efficient... U.S. Aide says Technology Has 'Ruined Warfare.'"

• • •

The Oregon Board of Health has warned that watching TV is bad for pets. The report states: "Poodles who watch three or more hours daily suffer a loss of appetite and become highly nervous and snappish." Dogs are the most ardent TV fans among animals, the report added.

For our magazine parody this issue, SICK salutes a group that is helping to raise America's prestige abroad. And in doing this parody, SICK lowers its own prestige abroad — should they ever read this ridiculous magazine .....

GET IN THE FIGHT! JOIN THE--

PEACE CORPS

How To Live In Ghana On $5 A Year

Is The Road To Helsinki Paved With Good Intentions?

How To Speak Swahili In Six Different Languages

Should You Bring Warm Clothing To Chile?

You Can Lose Your Head In Tanganyika

What's New In Zealand?

How Wise Is A Solomon Islander?

Why Isn't Sergeant Shriver An Officer?

How To Teach Ubangi Women To Play The Trombone

Script by Paul Laikin

HIGHLY CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY

Submit all listings a full year before press time as we figure you won't live that long!

FOUND—Head of Peace Corps Worker; will the person who lost it please come forward and claim it. Bring proof of identity. BOX 89J.

ATTENTION MAU-MAUS!—Let us channel your hostilities into healthy outlets. You needn't take it out on others any longer. When you receive our course you'll want to take it out on us! Send for free booklet, "I Remember Mau-Mau!" BOX 23N.

LEARN THE WATUSI—not the dance but the language. Any idiot can fake a Watusi but who do you know who can speak it? Your money back if not satisfied—not satisfied with your money, that is! BOX 47Q.

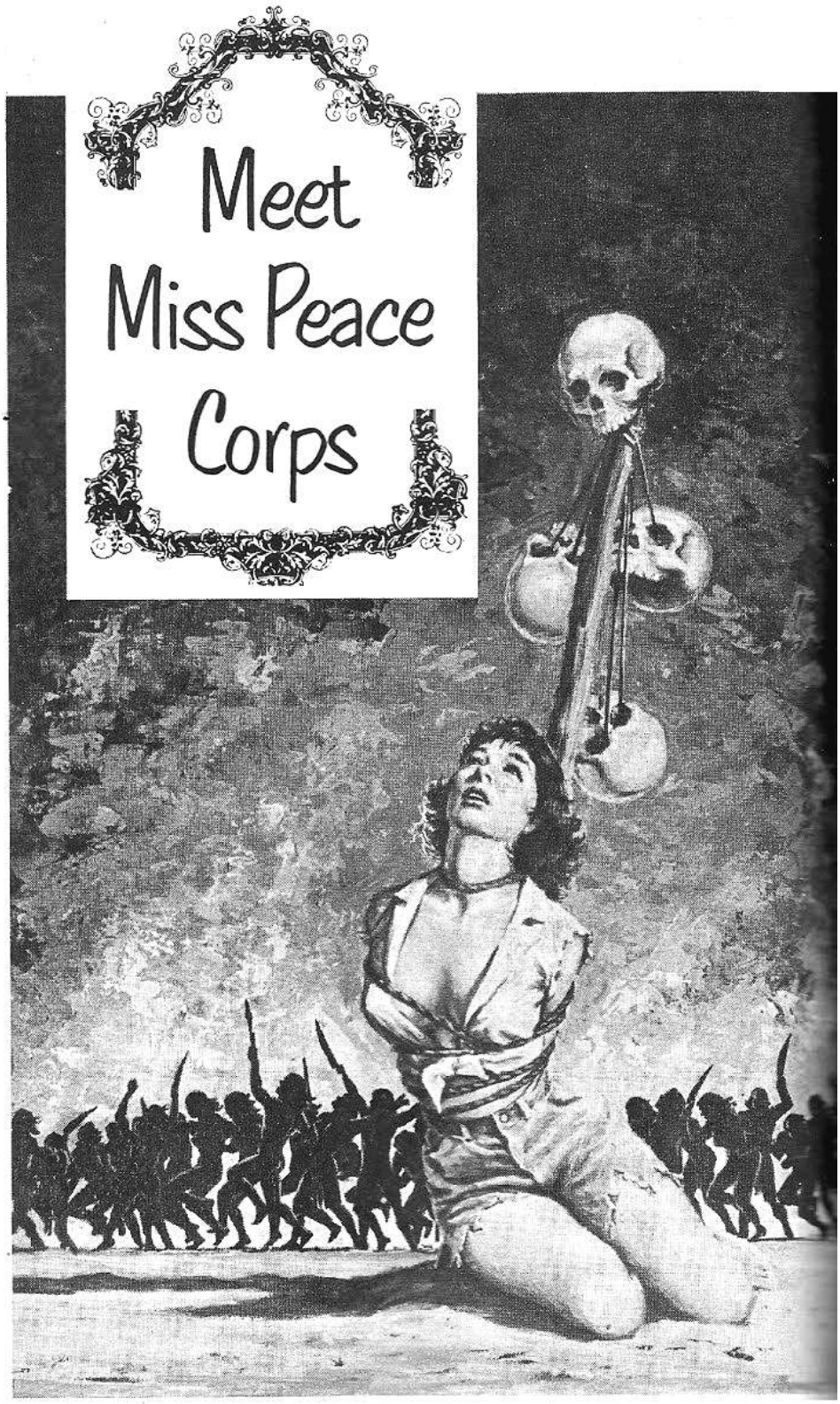
WAX DOLL EFFIGIES MADE—send us photos of your enemies and we will make little dolls of them with pins sticking in. It'll really kill 'em! If you don't write in then don't be surprised if you receive a doll that looks like you! BOX 86X.

ROOM AND BOARD—with Cannibal Family in exchange for services as cook. Dietary Laws Strictly Observed. BOX 57F.

RECORDS FOR SALE—the latest Peace Corps Song Hits, including: After You've Ghana, Laos Call The Whole Thing Off, There'll Be A Hottentot Time In The Old Town Tonight and the ever popular, Waiting For The Cannibal Lee. BOX 33W.

A HOME AWAY FROM HOME—Dutch Guinea, The Vacation Paradise. Bask on the delightful sands of the Gobi Desert; swim in the scintillating waters of the Dead Sea; only 20 minutes from Nairobi by Camel Caravan. BOX 98Z.

WANTED: AGENTS—to sell doughnuts to Pygmies to use as commodes. They'll be sitting pretty with this hot item. BOX 36S.



ZSA ZSA FINKHART
BRONX, NEW YORK

This 19-year-old charmer from Moshulu Parkway measures a healthy 42-22-42 — and if you were any healthier than that you'd be dead! She's beautiful, wealthy, talented, vivacious and everything a man could want — and then some. At present she is living in a tiny village in a remote part of New Guinea. Why did she join the Peace Corps? The answer is simple — she didn't. A group of male Peace Corps workers smuggled her into the country with them — and she can't get out!

A PEACE CORPS EXPOSÉ

IS THERE REALLY A SOMALILAND?

Peace Corps Troops search for Somaliland

This is a question Peace Corps workers everywhere have been asking. Is there really a Somaliland? We think not! After all, do you know of anybody who's ever been there? Or to put it another way — when was the last time you got a picture postcard from the place?

Isn't it possible somebody made up this country just to get aid from the United States? We think this is the case. Somebody is covering up. America gives to so many countries, who bothers to check up? We send money to Somaliland but nobody has ever gone there to find out what's happening with it. They can't even locate the place! It's supposed to be in a deep jungle on the other side of a huge mountain, so they figure it isn't worth the trip.

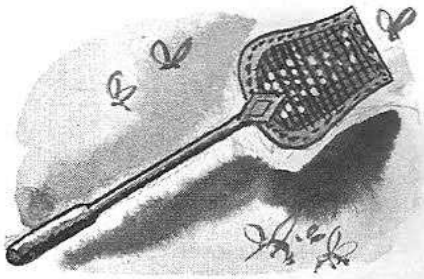
The whole thing is a farce! Take the name itself — **Somaliland** — it even sounds phony! No self-respecting country would ever call itself Somaliland. What's probably happening is that the United States is using it as a tax-loss — writing it off on the year's income tax!

So let's face it, Peace Corps workers — forget Somaliland! Pick another country when you volunteer for your assignment. Pick a **real** country this time. Like maybe **Atlantis!**

GOING TO THE DARK CONTINENT?

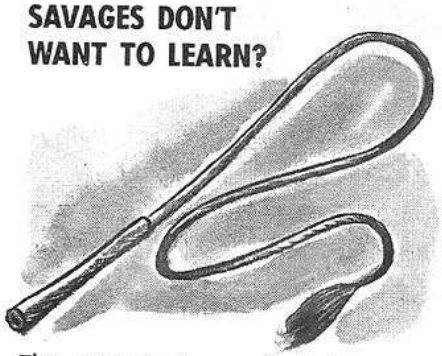
Take this lightweight gadget along. It's sure to brighten your entire stay WRITE: BOX T 86.

BOTHERED BY PYGMIES?



This sure-fire item will stamp out your problem once and for all. No fly-by-night gimmick, it's guaranteed to be a smash! WRITE: BOX V 29.

SAVAGES DON'T WANT TO LEARN?



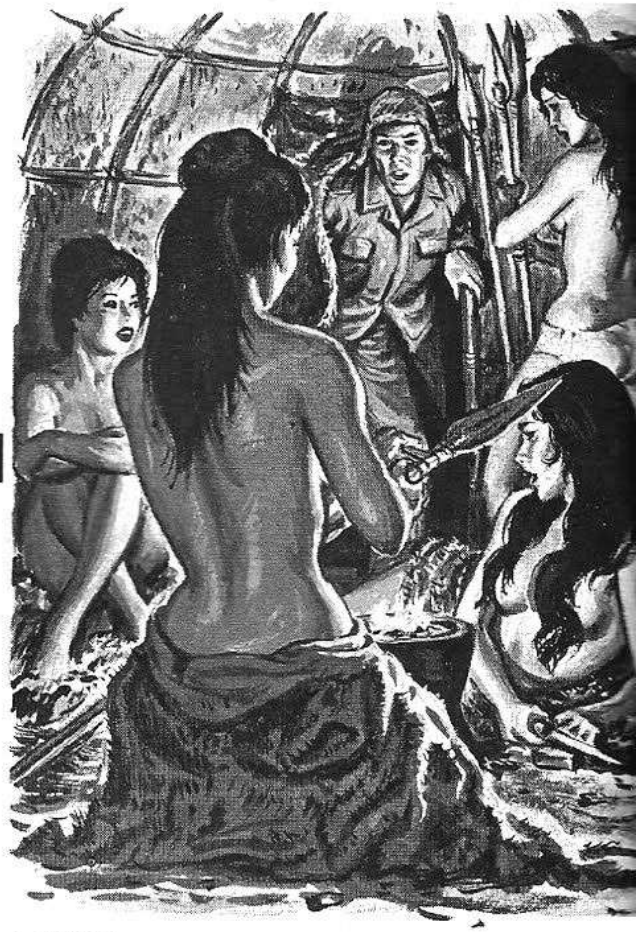
This snappy item will help you in teaching them in no time at all. Right away they'll be whipped into shape. WRITE: BOX Q 99.

LEAVING FOR TOM-TOM COUNTRY?

Take these along and enjoy the quiet countryside without any interruptions. WRITE: BOX M 38.

RATE YOURSELF

ARE YOU A GOOD PEACE CORPSMAN ?



TAKE THIS TEST AND FIND OUT

(Score one point for each "NO" answer)

1. Do you refuse to teach natives just because they're war-crazed savages? YES ( ) NO ( )
2. Do you get frustrated when you try to communicate in Swahili? YES ( ) NO ( )
3. Do you really feel yourself superior to Stone Age Aborigines? YES ( ) NO ( )
4. Have you balked at living in a village simply because there isn't any john? YES ( ) NO ( )
5. Do you feel like giving up merely because they assigned you Iceland? YES ( ) NO ( )
6. When confronted by a screaming Banshee do you just panic and run? YES ( ) NO ( )
7. Do you look down on a native simply because he's a pygmy? YES ( ) NO ( )
8. Tell the truth, did you join the Peace Corps because you like a good fight? YES ( ) NO ( )

— SCORING —

A SCORE OF 0 TO 3 shows you're a great Peace Corpsman and you should stay in that far-off land forever!

A SCORE OF 4 TO 6 shows you're a moderate Peace Corpsman and the natives can teach YOU something!

A SCORE OF 7 TO 8 shows you're a ridiculous Peace Corpsman and should either quit or become a native yourself!

A SCORE OF OVER 8 shows you're a psychotic Peace Corpsman since the score only goes up to 8 points, you clod!

ATTENTION PEACE CORPS CANDIDATES

RENT A NATIVE TO PRACTICE ON

That's right! Before you sign up for the Peace Corps, get the feel of what it's like to teach a native by renting one of your very own to practice on. Our natives come in all sizes, shapes, colors and sexes. Take your choice of Banshee, Hottentot, Pygmy, Mau-Mau or Da-Da. You name it—we'll find one! Girls are slightly higher—which is great if you like your girls high!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Just send for our native and teach him everything you know. If at the end of 8 short hours, he doesn't learn, then return the unused portion of the native and your money will be cheerfully refunded. What's more—the rates are so low you'll want to take advantage of this opportunity, even if you're not a potential Peace Corps worker! Great to have around the house as conversation pieces or what-have-you. So order yours today. Write:

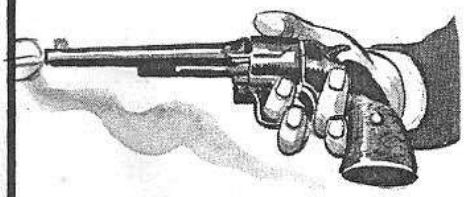
HERTZ RENT-A-NATIVE

Mishuga, Ill.

CALLING YOU THE UGLY AMERICAN?

This handy kit will make you a more attractive figure to the natives. You can even use it on the natives if you find them ugly! WRITE: BOX P 38.

HAVING TROUBLE RELATING TO NATIVES?



This sure-fire item will make you their master automatically. A must if you want to be a big shot in far-off lands. WRITE: BOX X 69.

LOSING YOUR HEAD IN THE PEACE CORPS?

Here's your chance to get another one. Just give us a description of the head you lost and we will send you a reasonable facsimile—maybe even your own head. Remember—nobody should be without one! WRITE BOX A 43.

WANNA MAKE A HIT WITH THE NATIVES?

Since they carry "Yankee Go Home!" signs, you come on with this clever answer. You'll soon have them eating out of your hand—just make sure your head isn't in it! WRITE: BOX Z 99.

in memorium

HERMAN SNERDLAP
Racine, Wisc.
Accidentally stabbed to death while kissing a Ubangi!

CLYDE FLUCHTMAN
Boston, Mass.
Went into darkest Africa wearing a Goldwater Button!

ROSCOE KLOTZ
Macon, Ga.
Volunteered for South Vietnam duty and strayed too far north!

MILTON STURDLEY
Chicago, Ill.
Attempted to put up Burma Shave Signs in a Burma village!

BERNARD BLECH
Arlington, Va.
Absent-mindedly asked a pack of old stone age aborigines, "What's new?"

SEYMOUR HOTCHKISS
Fargo, No. Dak.
Happened to get kidney-punched by a near-sighted Pygmy!

VERNA FERD
Washington, D.C.
Brought only lightweight clothing on her assignment in Chile!

DENZIL KLINEMINE
Casper, Wyo.
Tried teaching diction to a tribe of screaming Banshees!

OTTO BLODGETT
Lexington, Ky.
Wouldn't believe the sign "Yankee Go Home!"

LET US TEACH YOU HOW TO BE A GOOD PEACE CORPSMAN OVERNIGHT

If you want to be a Peace Corps Worker in the daytime—forget it!

Yes, we teach you all there is to know about being a Peace Corps Worker in only 8 short hours. You'll be able to speak a dozen different native languages—the natives won't understand you but you'll be able to speak to them!

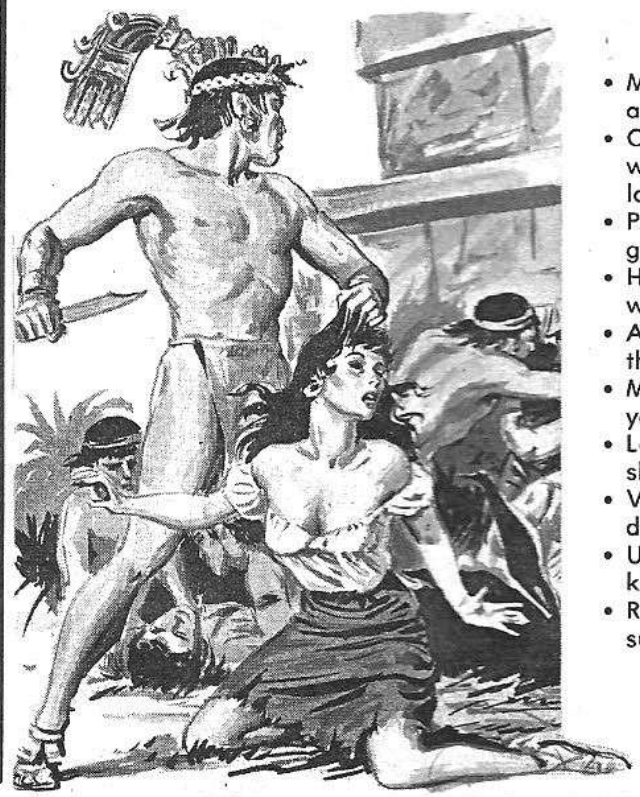
Upon completion of this course you'll then be ready to go to Tanganyika. That's where we are and you'll want to come get your money back!

Write today—before we move to Atlantis!

PEACE CORPS SCHOOL
Washington, D.C. (Don't Call)

TIPS TO CORPSMEN

THINGS TO BEWARE OF



- Mau-Maus who smile and want to be friendly
- Cannibals who walk toward you carrying a large pot
- Pygmies who just won't grow up
- Headhunters who keep wanting to neck with you
- Australian boomerangs that don't come back
- Medicine Men who send you monthly bills
- Lepers who want to shake hands
- Voodoo natives carrying dolls that look like you
- Ubangis who insist on kissing you
- Ridiculous magazines such as this one

SPECIAL FICTION BONUS

I FELL IN LOVE WITH A HOTTENTOT BUSHMAN!

by

SHIRLEY FINSTER
Noted Peace Corps Worker From
Jersey City, N. J.

(as told to a Medicine Man)

I couldn't fight it — it was bigger than both of us! I knew it was love the moment I saw his wildly painted face, his flaring nostrils, his fanged teeth, his ubangi lips and his scarred, twisted body. At first I thought it was just a physical attraction I felt. But then, an hour later, when I got to know him I knew it was the love of my life. Here, standing before me in all his savage tenderness was Mr. Right!

Now I wasn't naive — I knew it would be difficult at the start. I mean, we came from different backgrounds and all — me a Bryn Mawr graduate and him a stone age aborigine. But I laughed this off, telling myself that other couples have had different backgrounds and made it work. After all, there was no language problem. He didn't even **have** a language! We'd communicate with each other by knocking on trees with stones. He would tell me he loved me by throwing a handful of pebbles against the bark of an old spruce.

It was idyllic! I don't remember when I've ever spent two such glorious days! But alas, like all beautiful things it had to end. To my horror what did I find out — he was already married! Now I may be a young girl who does wild and impulsive things. But I will never — I repeat, NEVER — fool around with a married man!

Ask Dr. Corpsman:

ADVICE TO THE PEACELORN

Dear Doctor:

I've just been assigned to the Peace Corps in Africa. Tell me, what's the best way to get a Hottentot-Bushman to be friendly?

Q. T.
Jersey City

Get him a Hottentot-Bushwoman!

• • •

I can take the primitive conditions of the native villages, but not the wild animals that roam around here. What advice can you give me if, for example, I'm charged by a rhinoceros?

T. S.
Philadelphia

Don't pay!

• • •

What is your opinion of the War On Poverty? I mean, they say that being poor is a crime. Do you feel it is?

R. X.
Los Angeles

No, it is not a crime. People shouldn't be arrested just because they happen to be poor!

• • •

I have kind of a touchy question. What's the best way to relate to a leper?

J. B.
Detroit

From afar!

• • •

Perhaps you can help me. I'd like to work in underdeveloped areas. What's a good way to begin?

B. S.
Toledo

Become a bra manufacturer!

• • •

I don't mind roughing it in New Guinea here, but the entire village has only one john. What should I do?

V. D.
Spokane

Try field work!

• • •

I've just joined the Peace Corps and would like to be sent to deepest Africa. What's the best way to get there?

R. S. V. P.
Miami Beach

By ambulance!

• • •

I'm having difficulty relating to the natives on my job. Could you please tell me how I can avoid getting into a cannibal's stew?

N. K. V. D.
Cincinnati

Don't mix in!

• • •

You must help me. I've just been assigned to Atlantis. What should I do?

S. L. O. B.
Pittsburgh

Get lost!

• • •

Do you think handling pygmies is a big job?

N. O.
Walla Walla

Yes, you'll have to bend over backwards!

• • •

I've recently been assigned to go into headhunter territory and teach there. What do you recommend I bring along?

J. E. R. K.
Minneapolis

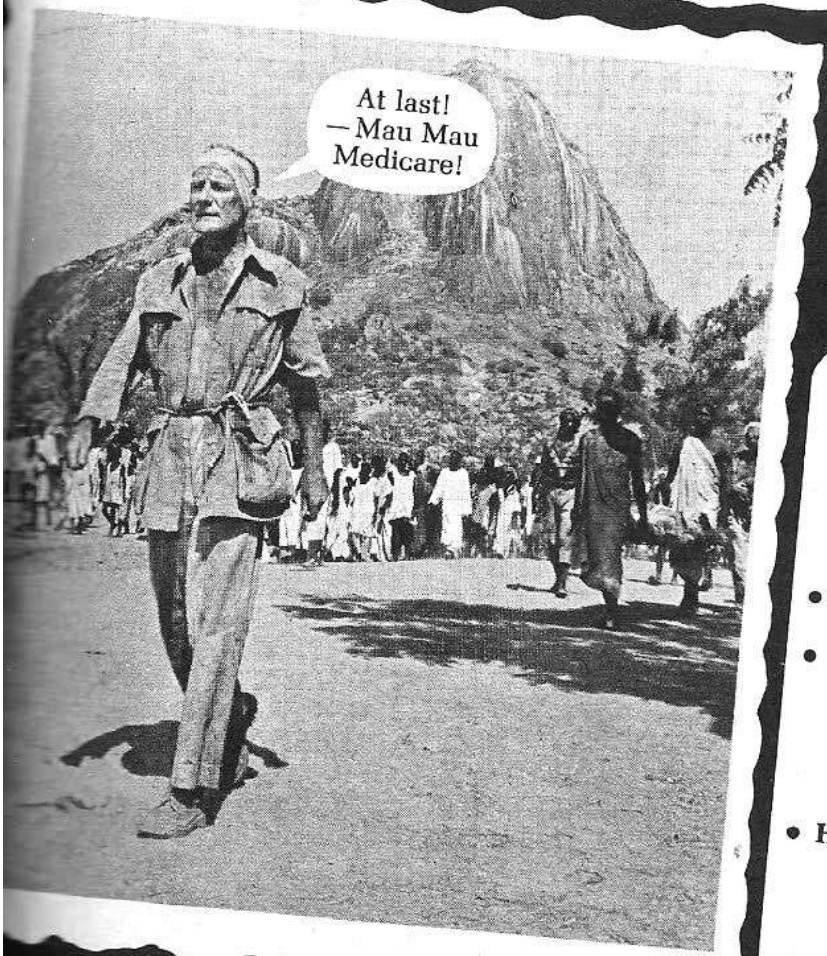
Sore-throat pills!

• • •

As a former Peace Corpsman, did you ever go into primitive, savage country?

T. O. T.
Bangor

What do you think—I'm some kind of a nut?



Peace Corps Snapshots

PEACE CORPS MAGAZINE NEXT ISSUE:

ON SALE SOON

- **What You Can Teach The Natives Of Borneo** (2-page spread)
- **What The Natives Of Borneo Can Teach You** (22-page spread)
- **I Couldn't Get Assigned To The Solomon Islands** (So I Went To Israel Instead)
- **What's New, Guinea?**
- **How To Be A Headshrinker To A Headhunter**
- **I Joined The Peace Corps To Fight**

... and many other blockbusters!

SIMON SEZ:

by Joe Simon, editor

This is our Halloween Issue. You can tell because, as usual, there's nothing in this issue about Halloween. SICK is the only magazine in the world that offers this unique feature—creating special issues without doing anything about them. This is to keep you on your toes at all times—never knowing what to expect.

Actually we did have a couple of frightening articles prepared for Halloween but we decided at the last minute not to use them—that's how frightening the articles were. Not the subject matter, mind you—but the artwork and writing. But, if you want to be technical about it you'll find this issue pretty scarey anyway!

THE NEXT ISSUE

The next issue of SICK will be a special one on the Job Corps. Forget everything we told you in the first paragraph—this time we will really do a slam-bang job on the Job Corps. We plan to take it apart and see what makes it tick—a full in-depth study is planned. So be sure to look for it—you'll find the whole thing on the lower left-hand side of Page 39. All jokes aside—if you want a real SICK look at the Job Corps then buy the next issue. If we don't get a big sale on this one we may all have to join the Corps ourselves.

WE GET LETTERS

It's been brought to our attention that a great many readers whose letters appear in SICKCERELY YOURS (our letters department) receive mail and calls from all over the world. Readers who send in letters criticizing SICK however, are complaining that they've been getting vicious, threatening mail. Come on, out there—where's your sense of humor? Hereafter, will all you culprits who've been writing those nasty letters to our readers write them to SICK instead. We're used to receiving them and we'll print your stuff for the whole world to see. O.K., Hate Groups?

LUCKY LYNN LICHTY

Lynn Lichty, our Ohio bachelor correspondent, whose profile appeared in last month's issue, has had many proposals of marriage because of it. To escape the hordes of girls descending upon him, Lynn has had to get an unlisted trailer. Keep posted. If Lynn still isn't married by the time the next issue rolls around we may do a second profile on him (the left side this time) which we know will attract even more females!

CLASSICFRIED ADS

Keep those cards and letters comin' in, folks. We enjoy hearing from you. The Classicfried Ads Column is meant to be your sounding board, but since we get so much mail either for or against the war in Vietnam we decided not to print any on the subject. How's that for copping out? Whattaya want to do—start another war around here?

THE SICK ANNUAL

The new SICK Annual is now in its fifth printing. What happened was the other four printings were blurred. We're anticipating a big sale on this one so don't let us down. Remember—a big 3-page foldout portrait of Huckleberry Fink, the "Why Try Harder Kid" comes free with every copy. Already people have been writing in telling us they should be hung and framed. The way we feel, all those SICK readers who haven't bought their Annuals should themselves be hung and framed!

Next Issue:

A SICK JAB AT THE JOB CORPS

WHICH MIGHT PUT US ALL OUT OF WORK!

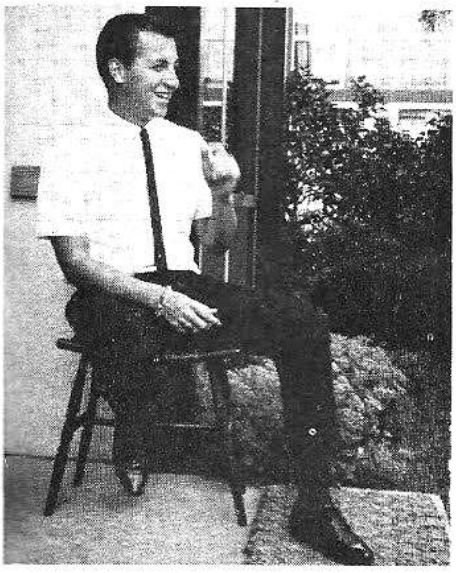
INTRODUCING

Bob Taylor, Sick's new bonus baby, insists that cartooning has been his first love ever since he can remember..."Trouble is", he confesses, "I have a very bad memory. I once enrolled in a memory school but forgot the address."

Born twenty three years ago in Michigan, he is today a 6 foot, 165 pound hulk. "As legend has it", Bob confides, "I was raised by a pack of wild wolves, which accounts for my personality. In high school my art teacher noticed my work in class and whenever possible would give me a helping hand—right out the door."

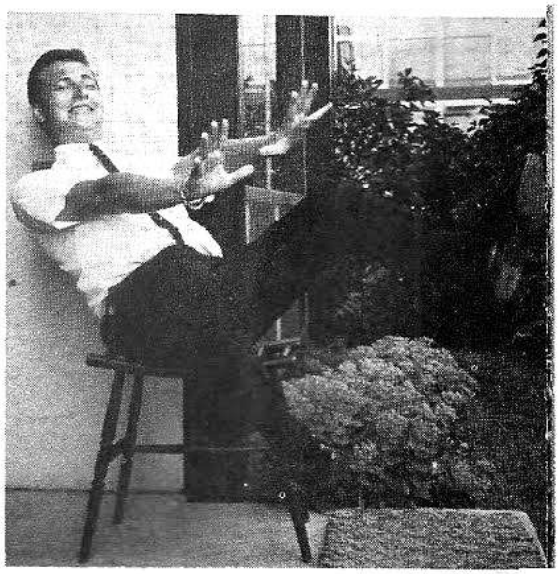
After high school he tried his luck in the advertising business in and around Detroit, drawing animated cartoons for television. Later, he wrote for a TV program called "Morgus", which was a humorous show but the public didn't think so. Two years at the Society of Arts and Crafts in Detroit, polished Bob's sparkling style, which has drawn more acclaim than even Herman Finkyou.

His plans for the future include travelling to strange and faraway places such as New Jersey, Cleveland and Fatville, North Dakota. He likes wine, girls and song, water sports and working for strange magazines, namely Sick. "I would also enjoy corresponding with some of the Sick readers", Bob announces. And, girls, he's single.



"Look this way, Bob..."

"No, Bob, over here."



"Ooops!"

LOOK WHO'S

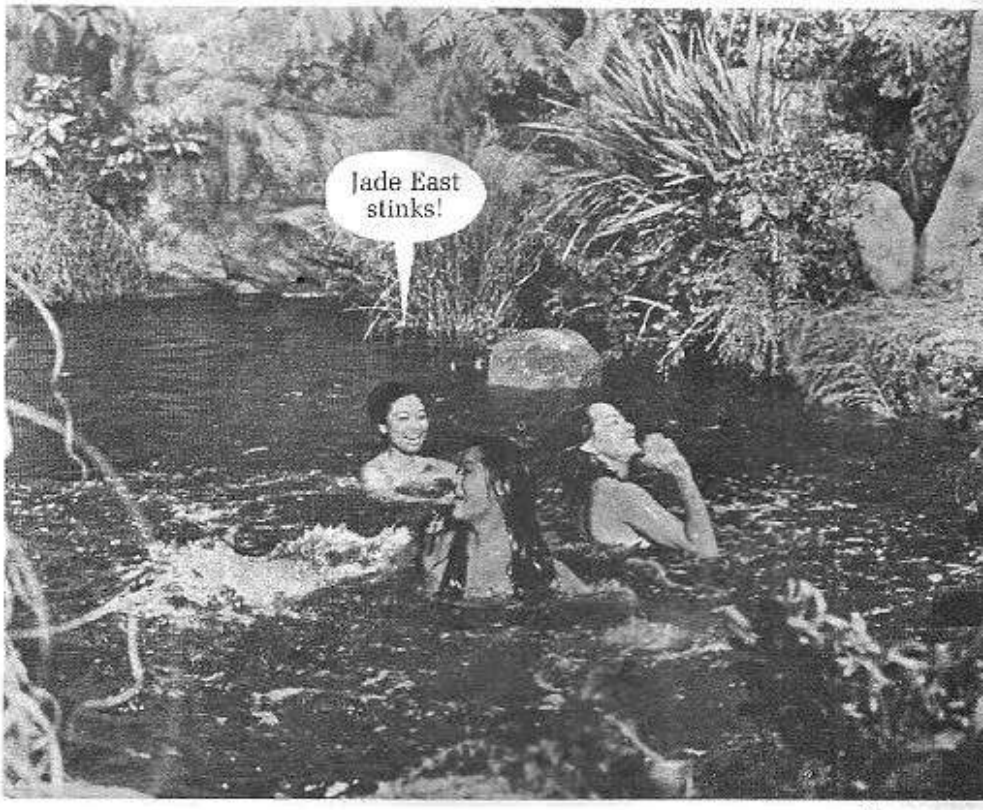
You're right, Irving. Those words **are** in the dictionary.

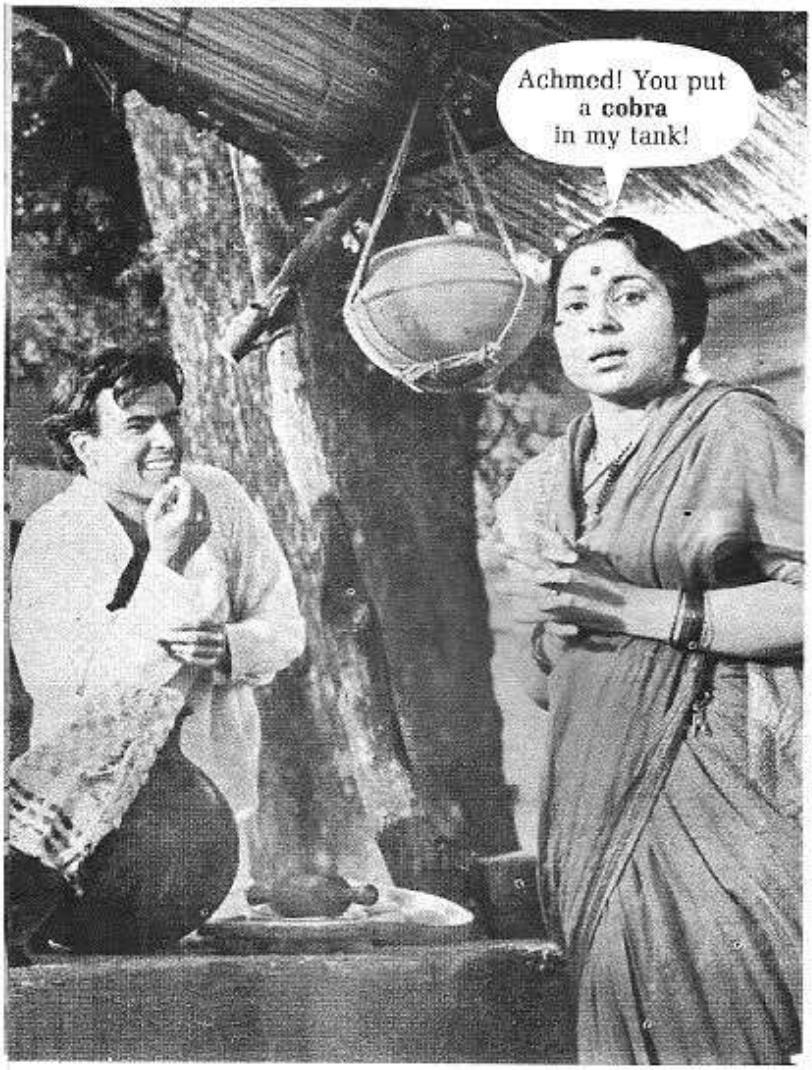
Gee, dad. I knew you'd like my date!

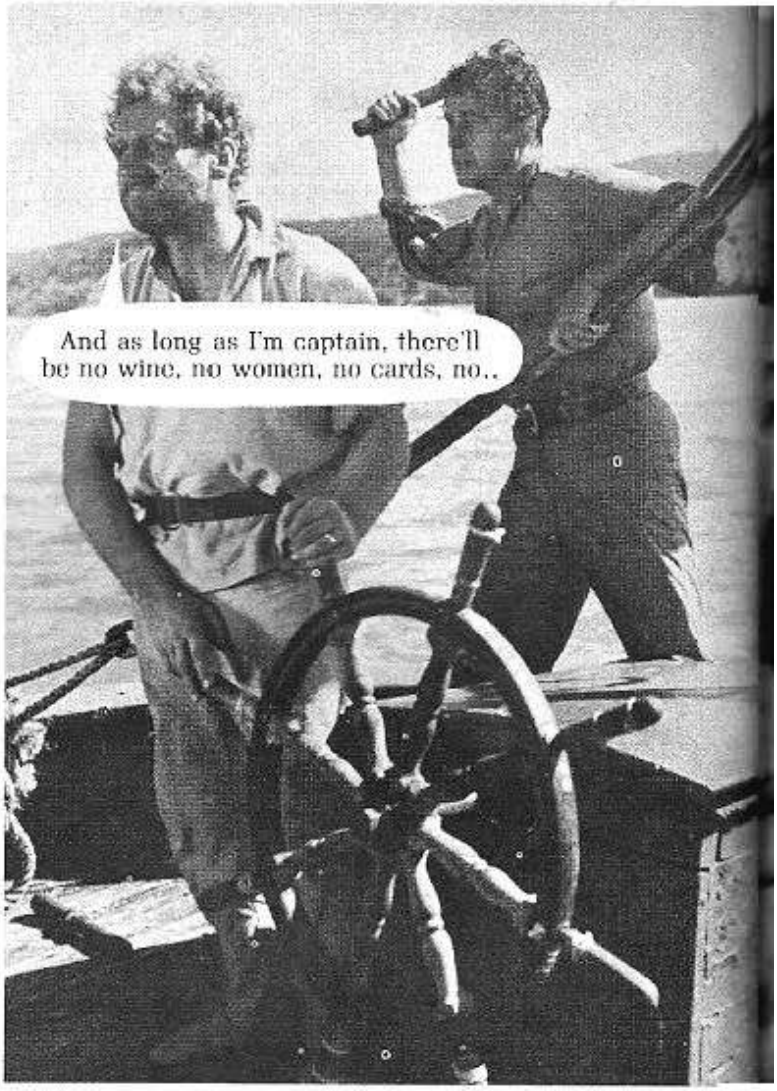
It's Caesar's best tax-collecting legion. I think they're called the Cosa Nostra's.

TALKING

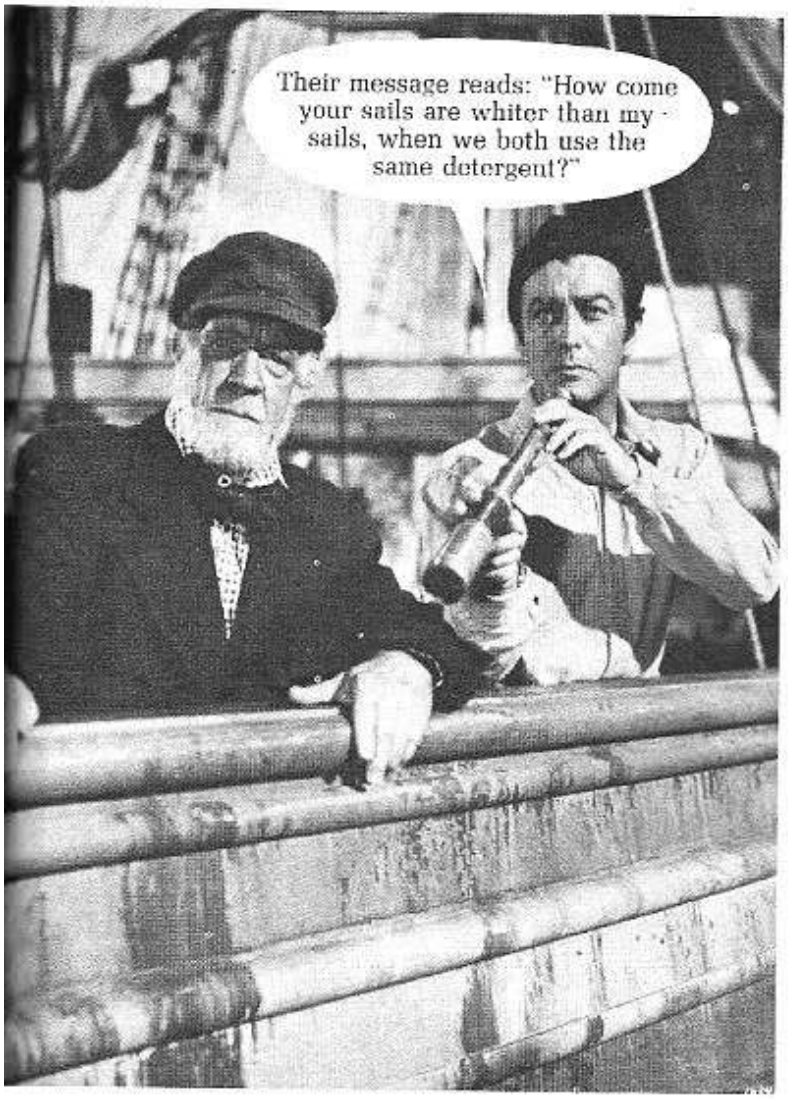
(It's really Fred Wolfe who did these captions while taking a course in ventriliquism)

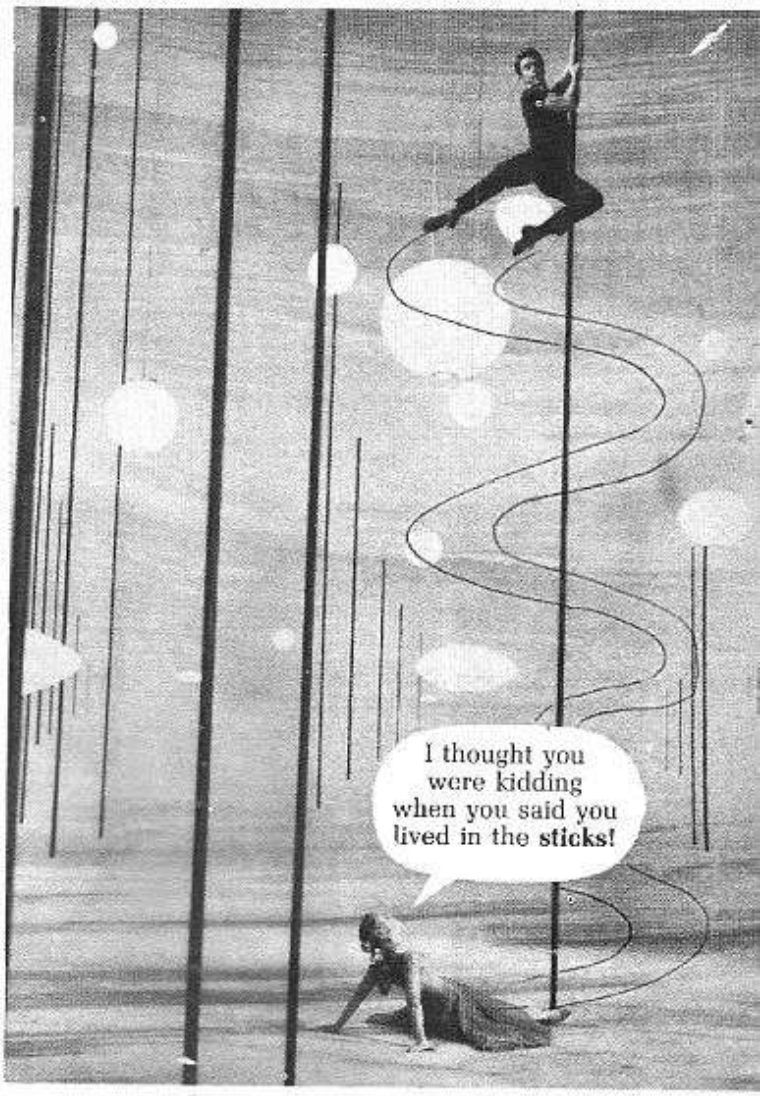


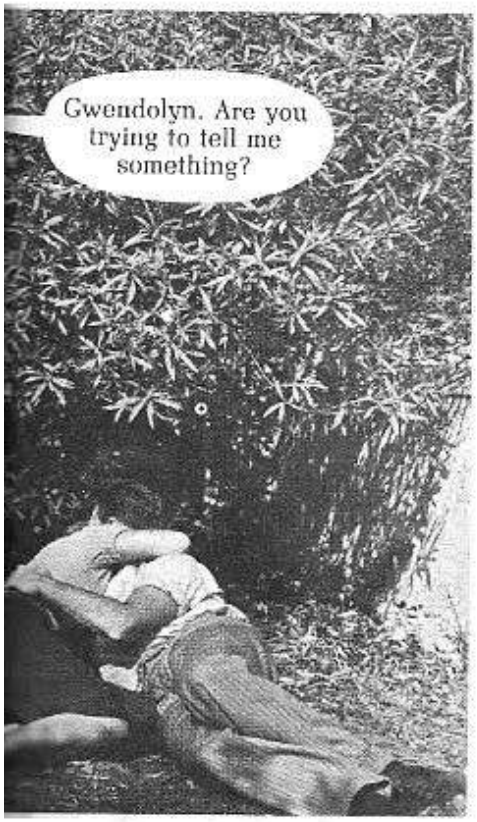

Achmed! You put a **cobra** in my tank!

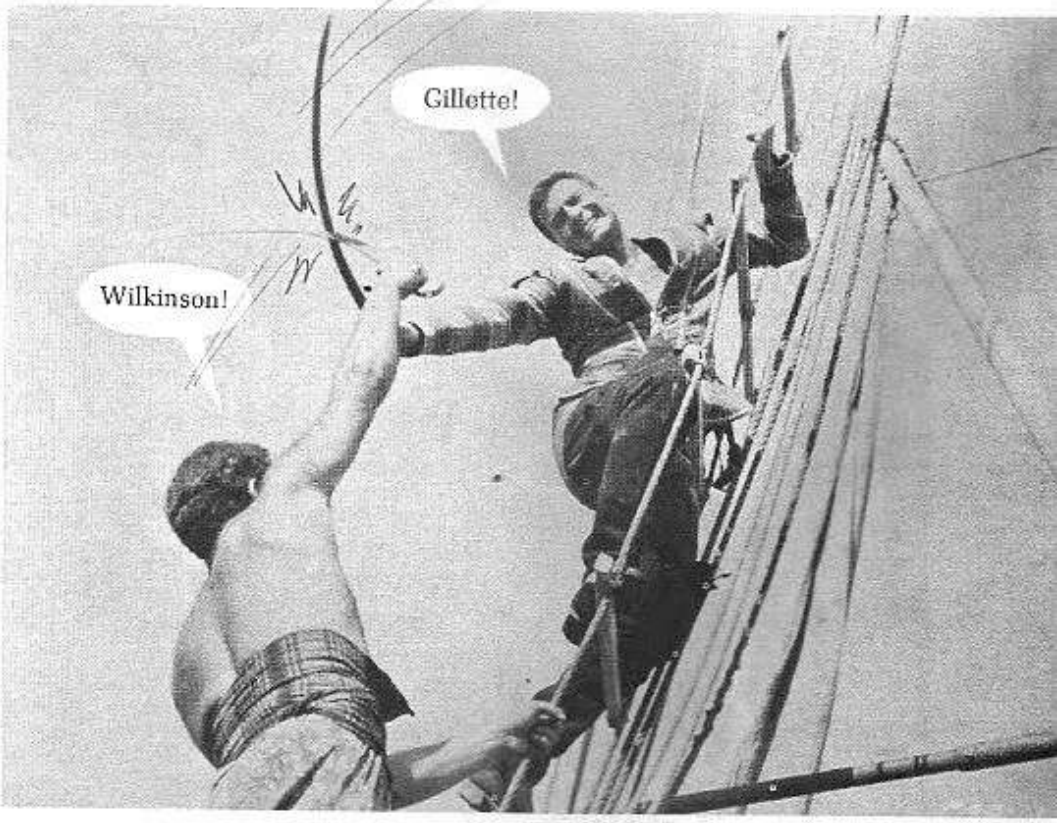

And as long as I'm captain, there'll be no wine, no women, no cards, no..

I don't care if they are playing our song. — Go home, **Abe!**


Their message reads: "How come your sails are whiter than my sails, when we both use the same detergent?"


I thought you were kidding when you said you lived in the **sticks!**


Gwendolyn. Are you trying to tell me something?


Gillette!
Wilkinson!

MINORITY SPOKESMAN

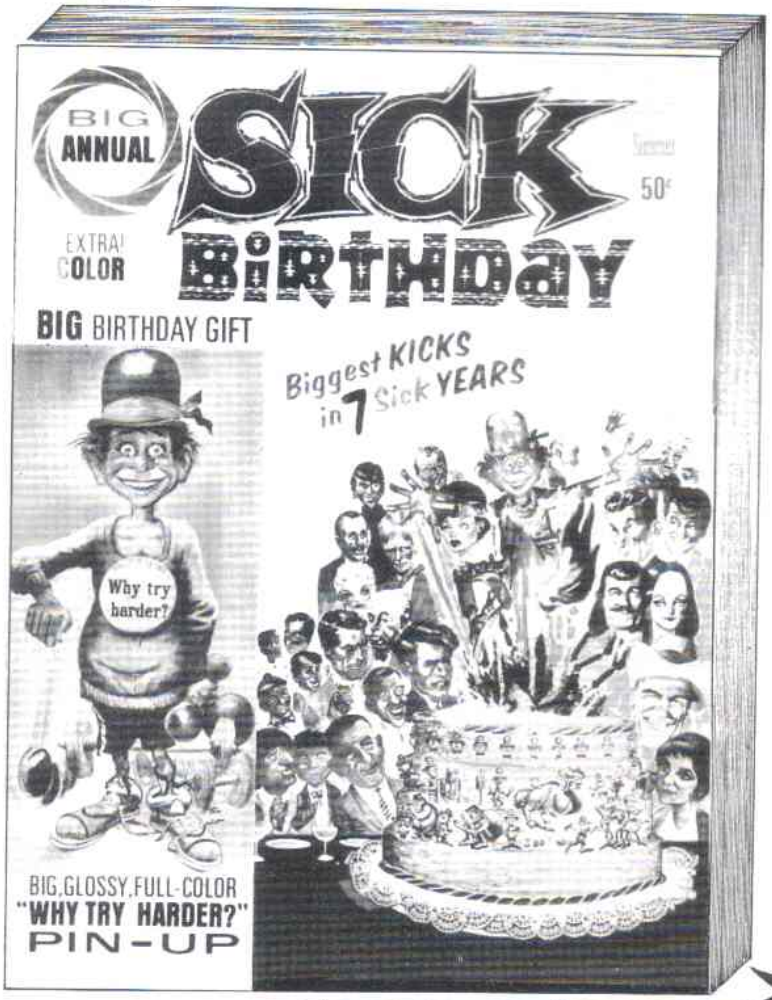
There are many groups aimed at aiding minorities. More, some say. In fact, the associations sometimes have trouble finding minorities to represent. Recruiting, alas, must be done. Let's see how they do it.

Good afternoon, sir. I represent the Universal Organization To Protect Minorities Who Are Picked On—the UOTPMWAPO.
Worthy, very worthy.
We help all minority groups no matter what, to make this a better world in which to live.
Whom do you represent?
Negroes, Jews, Catholics, Unitarians, Quakers, Fundamentalists, Arabs, midgets, bird-watchers, utility infielders..
I see...
I'll let you know when I'm finished. Mormons, those cursed with astigmatism, hermaphrodites, subway turnstile repairmen and makers of throat lozenges. Now...we'll help you! We'll gladly take up the cudgels in your behalf. Name?
Juan Felipo.
Puerto Rican?
Only on my parents' side
Who picks on you?
Nobody...
Neighbors then. They shun you and taunt you.
Not at all. Fine neighborhood. Kids are happy. Wife has lots of friends. No trouble there...
Ah...work!! Your boss picks on you because of your ethnic derivation?
Mr. Jiminez? No.
You mean to say you're perfectly happy and everything's just fine and dandy and you have no gripes?
That's it.
FINK!

BIG SICK ANNUAL!

SEVEN YEARS IN THE MAKING!

(THEY WERE WATCHING US EVERY MINUTE)



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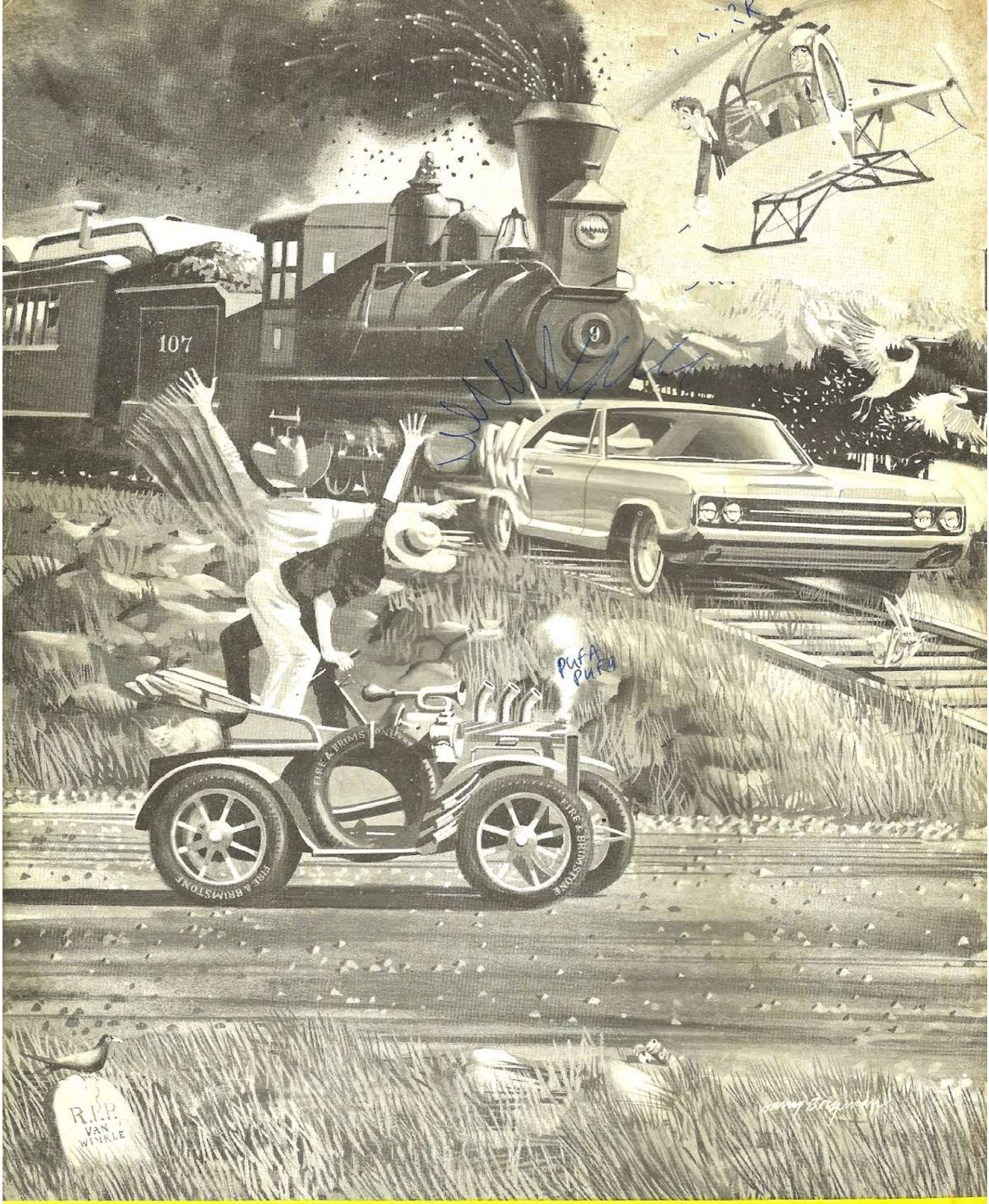

The day the car WITHOUT "Platformate" went a half mile farther